

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.



THE ROYAL VISIT
TO CANADA AND THE U.S.A.





Taking the gamble out of watch buying

DON'T TRUST TO LUCK when choosing your new watch. Consult a good jeweller and trust his advice.

Because he knows the inside story of all watches, your jeweller can tell you the difference between a fine Swiss jewelled-lever watch and an ordinary watch.

He will be pleased to show you Swiss watches for all times and every occasion — for women as well as for men. Self-winding watches, calendar watches and watches that buzz alarms. Shock-resistant watches and watches that defy dirt, dust and dampness. Watches called chronographs

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An outstanding British technical achievement

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to floodlight NIAGARA FALLS



Photo by courtesy of Ontario House

Adorning nature's tremendous spectacle by a varying kaleidoscope of light of changing hues

From the G.E.C. lighting engineers working in conjunction with scientists from the company's research laboratories, comes this entirely new floodlighting scheme for Niagara including both the Canadian and the American falls.

This involves "throwing" 4,200 million candelas of light over half a mile covering a length of three quarters of a mile of thundering water and spray.

These highly dramatic lighting effects of a brilliance five times greater than before will enchant hundreds of thousands of tourists from all over the world every year and provide a lasting tribute to British lighting skill and enterprise.

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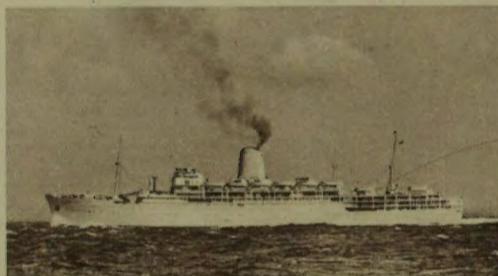
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WORLD LEADERS IN LIGHTING

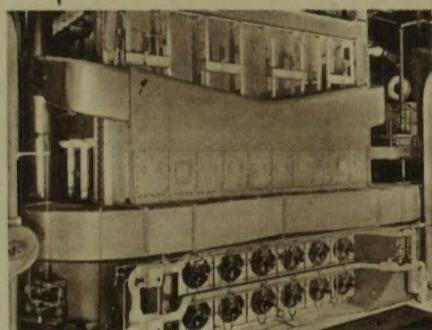
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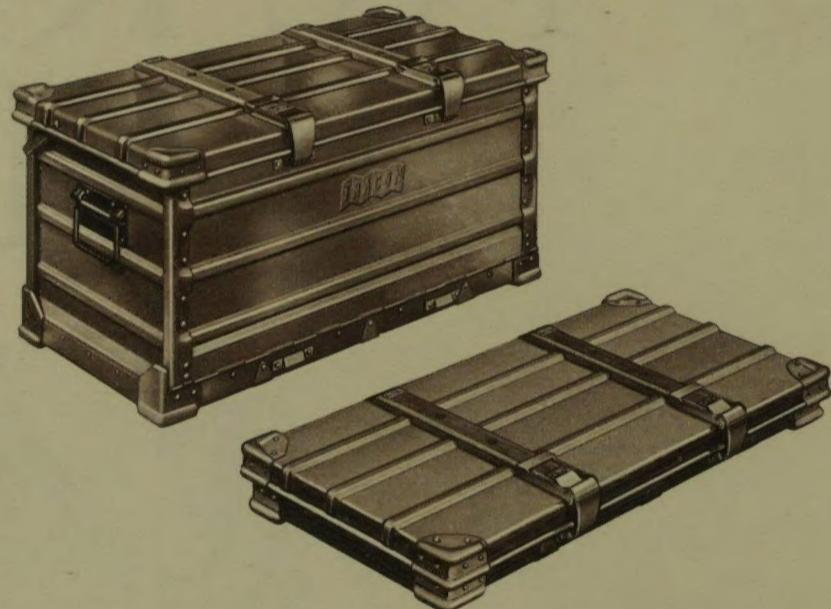
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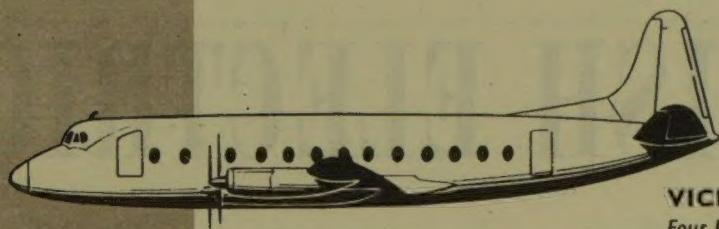
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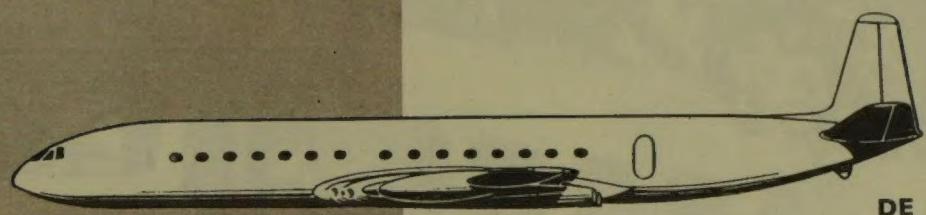
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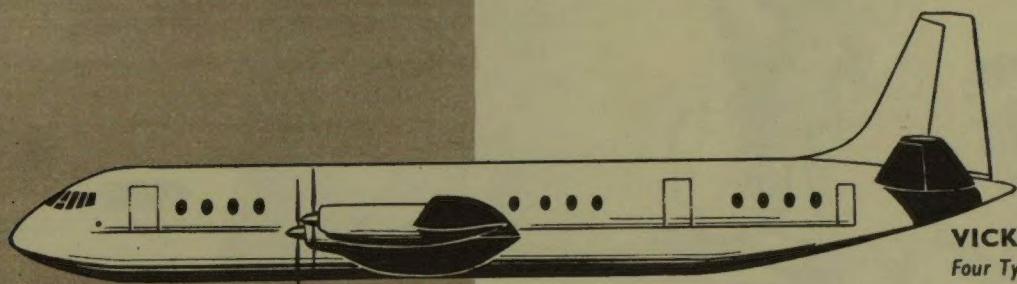
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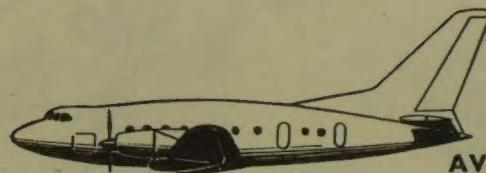


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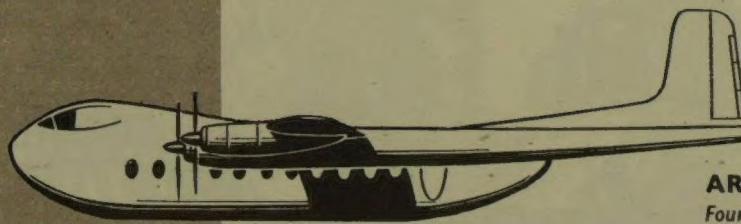


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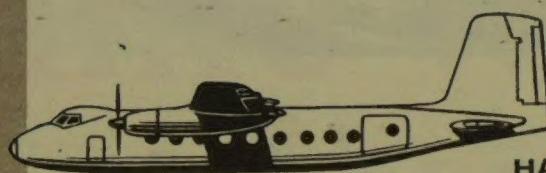
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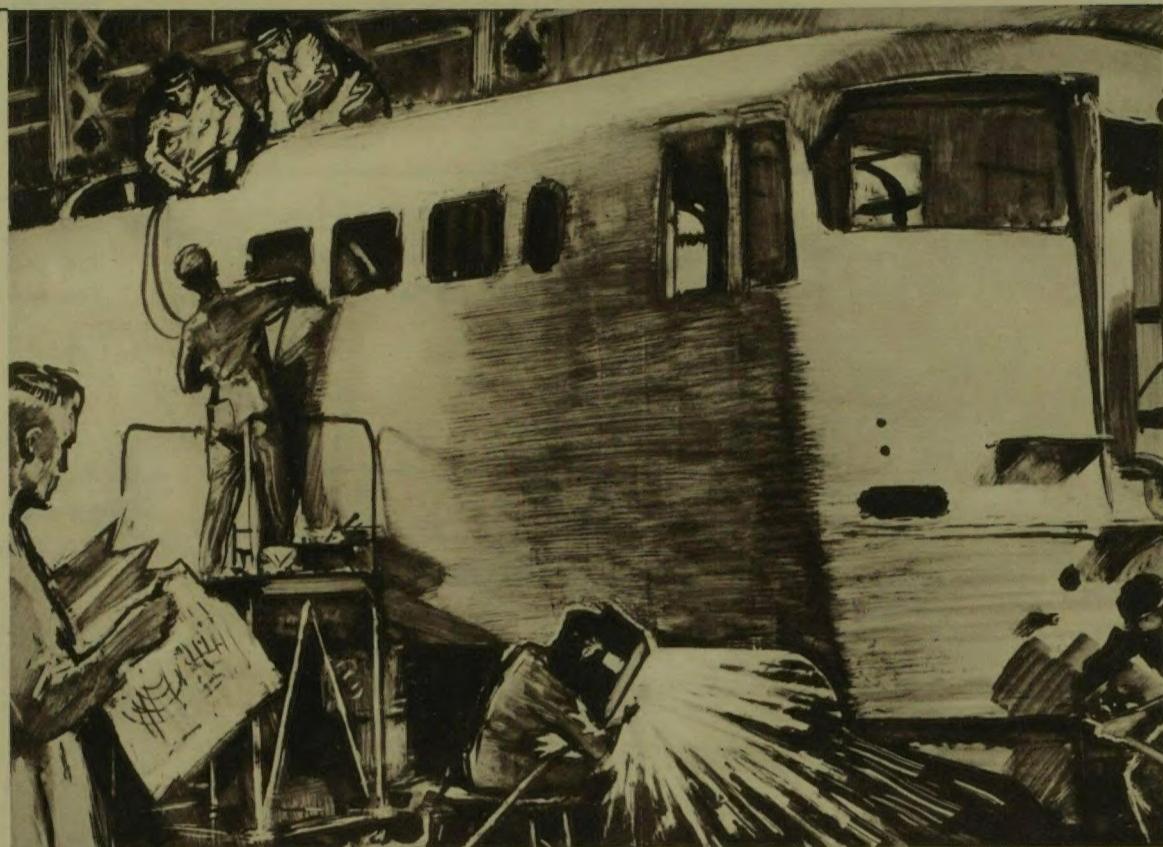
ARMSTRONG WHITWORTH 650
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'ENGLISH ELECTRIC'

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bringing you

In India, in Brazil, Spain, New Zealand and many other countries, ENGLISH ELECTRIC has long experience of electric railway traction, and ENGLISH ELECTRIC locomotives have proved their efficiency and dependability under gruelling conditions. It is such proved dependability that will help to ensure for Britain the cleaner, quieter railways of the near future—railways that will indeed mean better living.



better living





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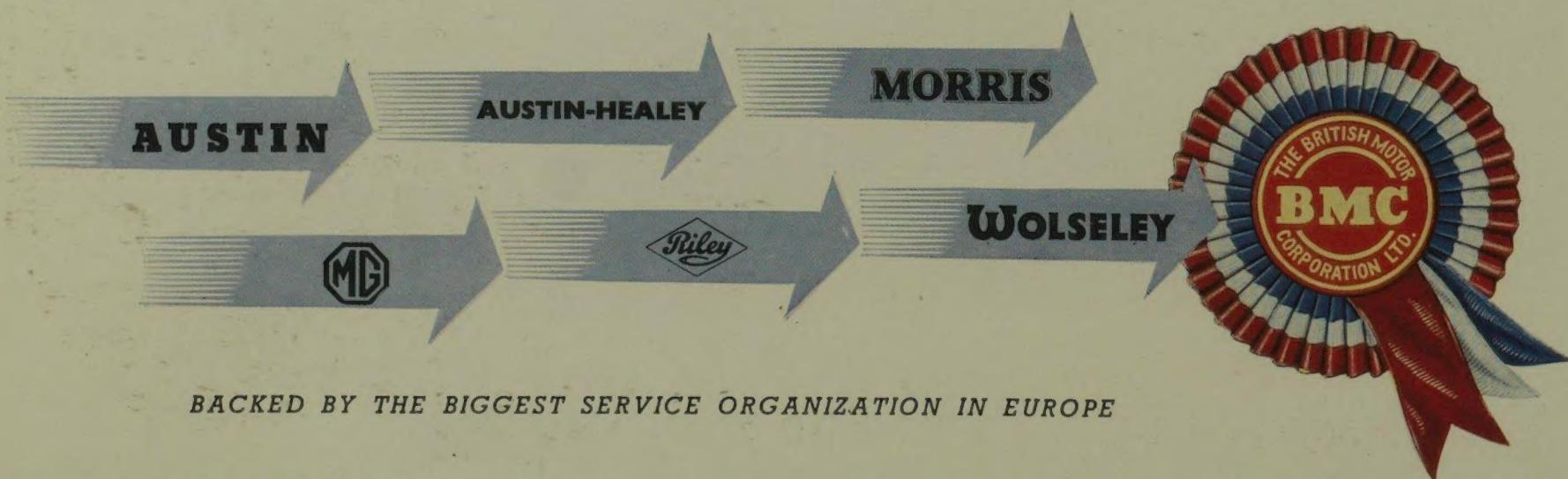


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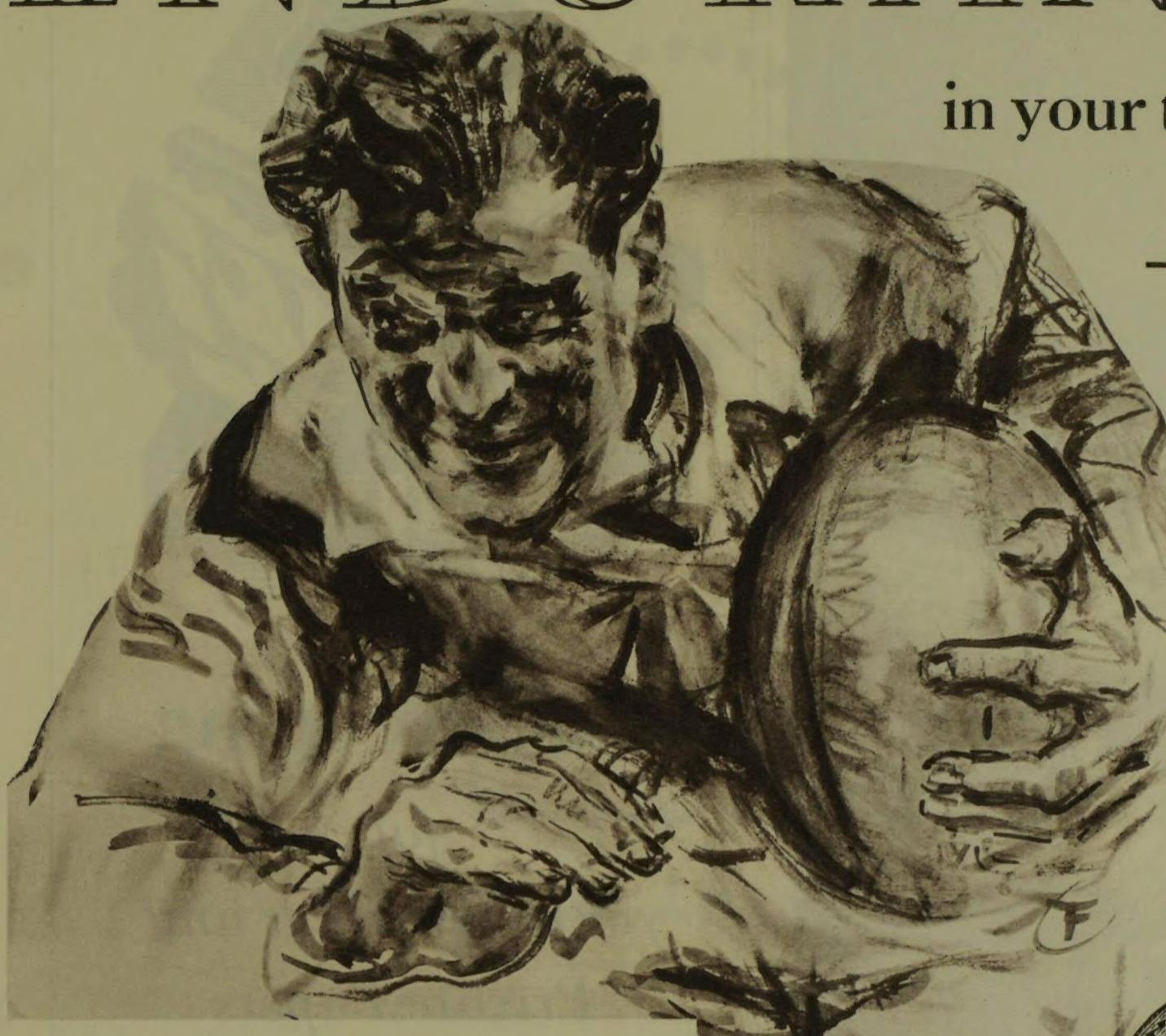


THE BRITISH MOTOR CORPORATION LIMITED

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in your tyres, too

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WHAT makes for ENDURANCE? In simple words—long-lasting toughness, strength and stubbornness. Just as they are the essential qualities of the rugby player, so they are those of the High-Tenacity Rayon Cord carcase in your tyres.

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RAYON HAS A HIGH RESISTANCE TO HEAT.

Rayon tyres keep their shape. **IT IS RAYON'S SHAPE STABILITY WHICH ADDS MILEAGE TO YOUR TYRES.**



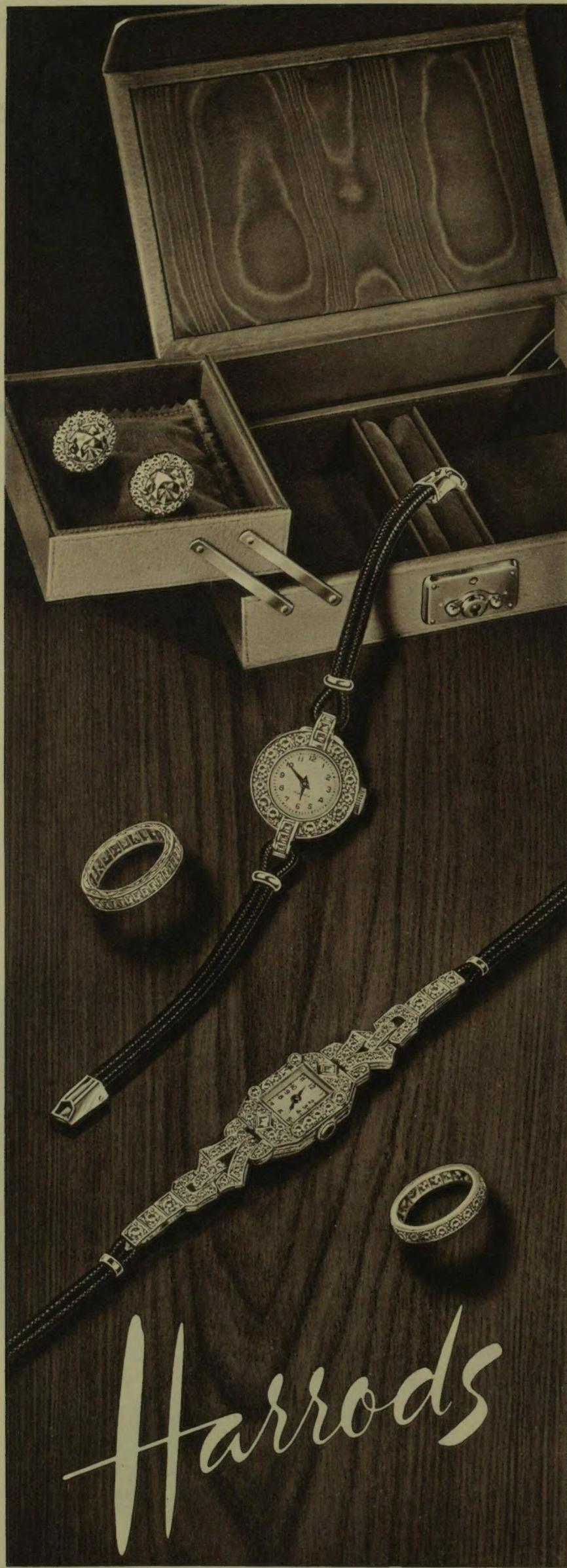
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You're safer when you ride on RAYON!

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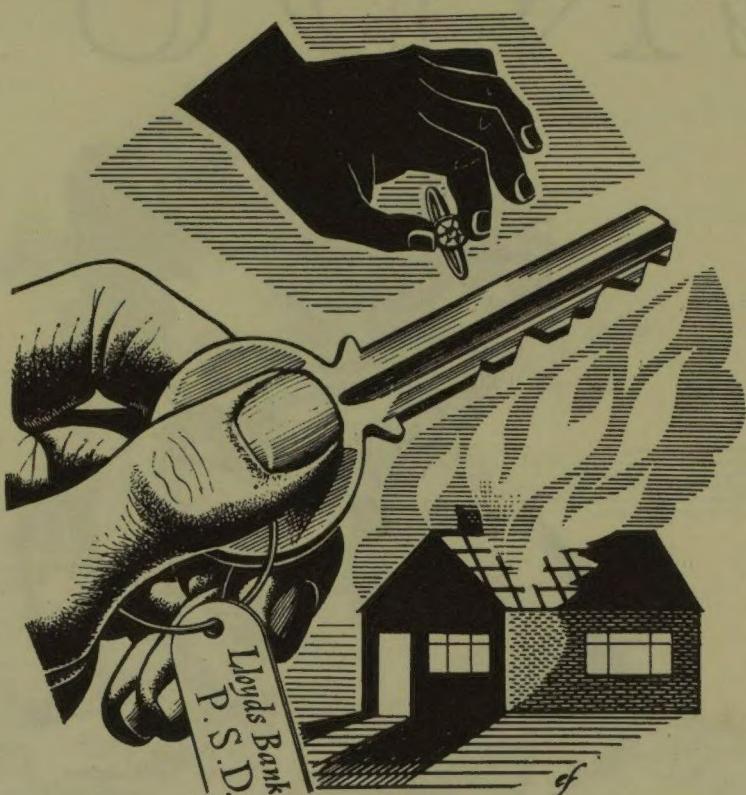


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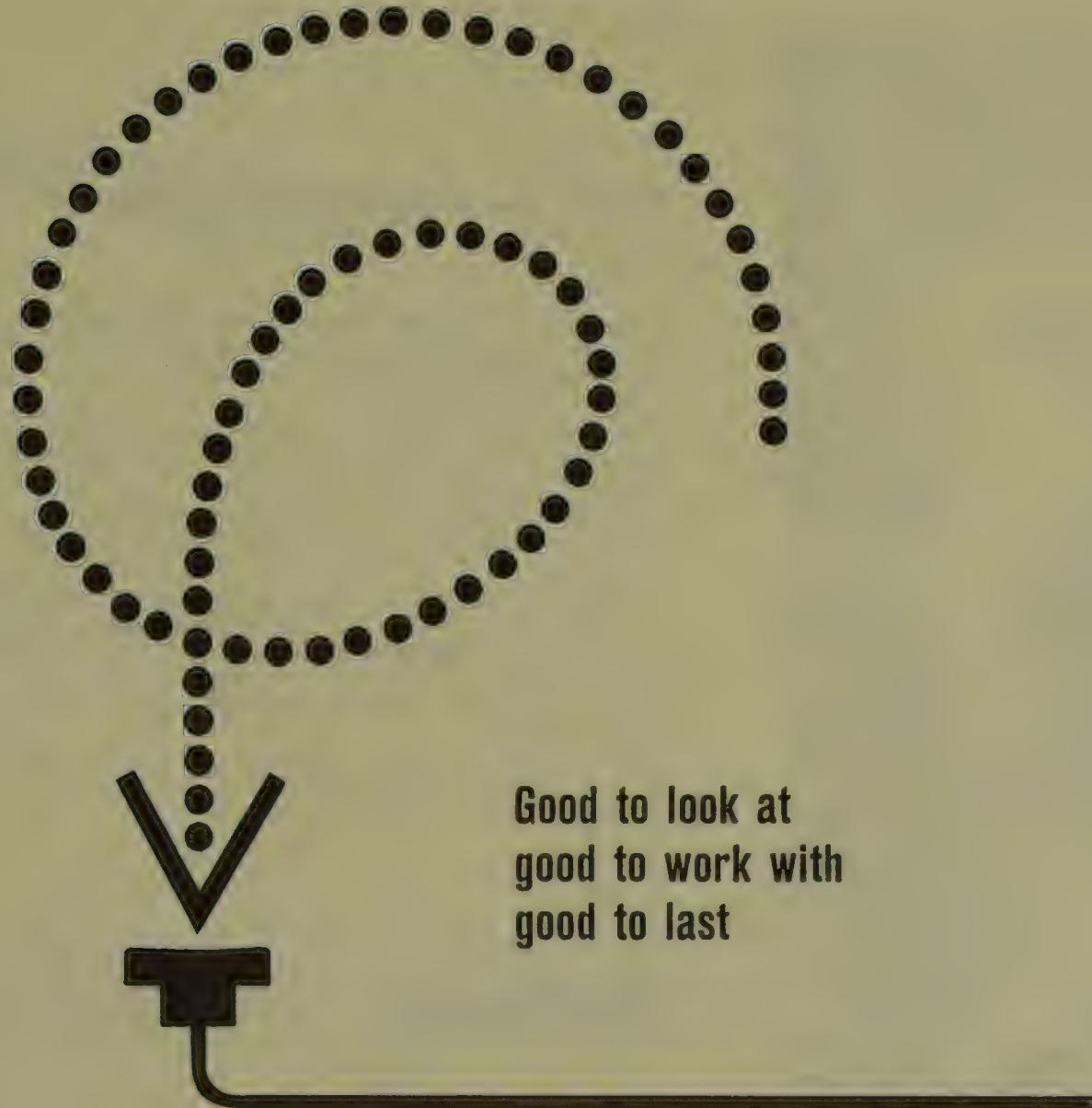
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Many an office has bought its first Lexikon 80 because the machine is so simple and so good to look at. The second, fifth or tenth machine has exactly the same good looks but is bought for a different reason - for the quality of its typing and the way it stands up to the very hardest work, year after year, without trouble or bother. The neat precise typing of a Lexikon 80, its ease and simplicity of operation and its long working life are all due to the same effective cause - careful design and precision engineering, inside and outside, from top to bottom, from A to Z.

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Have you noticed how much of this development depends on compressed air equipment? Holman supply a lot of it. From concrete vibrators to powerful road rippers that, amazingly, hardly vibrate at all.

Why Holman? Because Holman equipment works hard, long and unfalteringly. It cuts running cost down to rock bottom. And it's running cost that is the *real* cost of compressed air equipment.

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Holman
PNEUMATIC EQUIPMENT
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THE GREAT NEW LOCKHEED STARLINER, ABLE TO FLY 6,300 MILES NON-STOP, HAS NOW ENTERED SERVICE ON AIR FRANCE'S SUPER-STARLINER FLIGHTS. THESE SMOOTH, QUIET, CUSTOM-BUILT STARLINERS GIVE AIR TRAVELERS THE WORLD'S MOST LUXURIOUS RIDE.

The Starliner is a product of LOCKHEED'S CALIFORNIA DIVISION

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Scotch whisky . . . there's a fine, honest drink for you, appropriate to every occasion. In Haig you savour Scotch at its best, distinguished by the rare character that befits the products of its oldest distillers. So stick to Scotch—and give it a name . . .

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THE OLDEST SCOTCH WHISKY DISTILLERS IN THE WORLD

ENJOY WINTER HOLIDAYS IN

THE GRISONS / ENGADINE SWITZERLAND

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SUVRETTE HOUSE St. Moritz (6,200 ft.) A leading Hotel for Winter Sports. Own Ski-school, Curling, Ice-rinks. New : Teleferic to Piz Nair (10,000 ft.). Bert Candrian, Managing Director.	HOTEL DU LAC St. Moritz The house where you feel homely and comfortable. First class. Minimum rates in January and March. Orchestra entertainment. Free bus service. Please write to Toni Cavelti or your Travel Agent.	DAVOS GRAND HOTEL & BELVEDERE The leading hotel of Davos. HOTEL SCHWEIZERHOF The first-class family hotel. POST & SPORTHOTEL The Sportsman's home. Toni Morosani.
PONTRESINA KRONENHOF THE TRADITIONAL ENGLISH HOUSE 250 beds and 140 baths. L. Gredig, Family.	AROSA KULM HOTEL Atmosphere of perfect well-being, exquisite cuisine, traditional good service, gay social life. Wonderful site facing downhill runs, near ski-lifts. Curling. Ice rinks. Particularly favourable rates in January and from middle of March. A. Wyssmann, manager.	HOTEL LA MARGNA Distinguished family—and sporthotel 110 beds. E. Ulli, Manager.
AROSA SPORT HOTEL HOF MARAN First-class house on the sunny terrace of Arosa, own Ski-lift, Ice-rink, Curling, Orchestra, Terrace-Restaurant. E. Traber	KLOSTERS GRAND HOTEL VEREINA 4,000 feet 200 beds The leading hotel in Klosters. Bar—Dancing. Cableway Gotschna-Parsenn—Ski-lift Parsennhut-Furka. Proprietor : Thomas Hew.	AROSA GRAND HOTEL TSCHUGGEN Life is at its best in the sun and snow ! Tschuggen, the leading hotel, centre of Winter Sports and social events (all front rooms with loggia). Highly attractive terms in January and March. R. Wetten, Manager.
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Shell Chemicals

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That same discrimination which determines your decision to travel "Cunard" across the Atlantic is the keynote of Cunard comfort and service. This, together with excellent cuisine in spacious surroundings subscribes to a voyage that will long be remembered for delightful company and perfect rest and relaxation.



TIO PEPE

The finest and driest of them all. Pale, delicate, the perfect aperitif.



ROSA

A full-bodied Amontillado of medium dryness. Fine yet subtly rounded.



NECTAR

A dry Oloroso that you can serve with confidence at any time of day.

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of distinction
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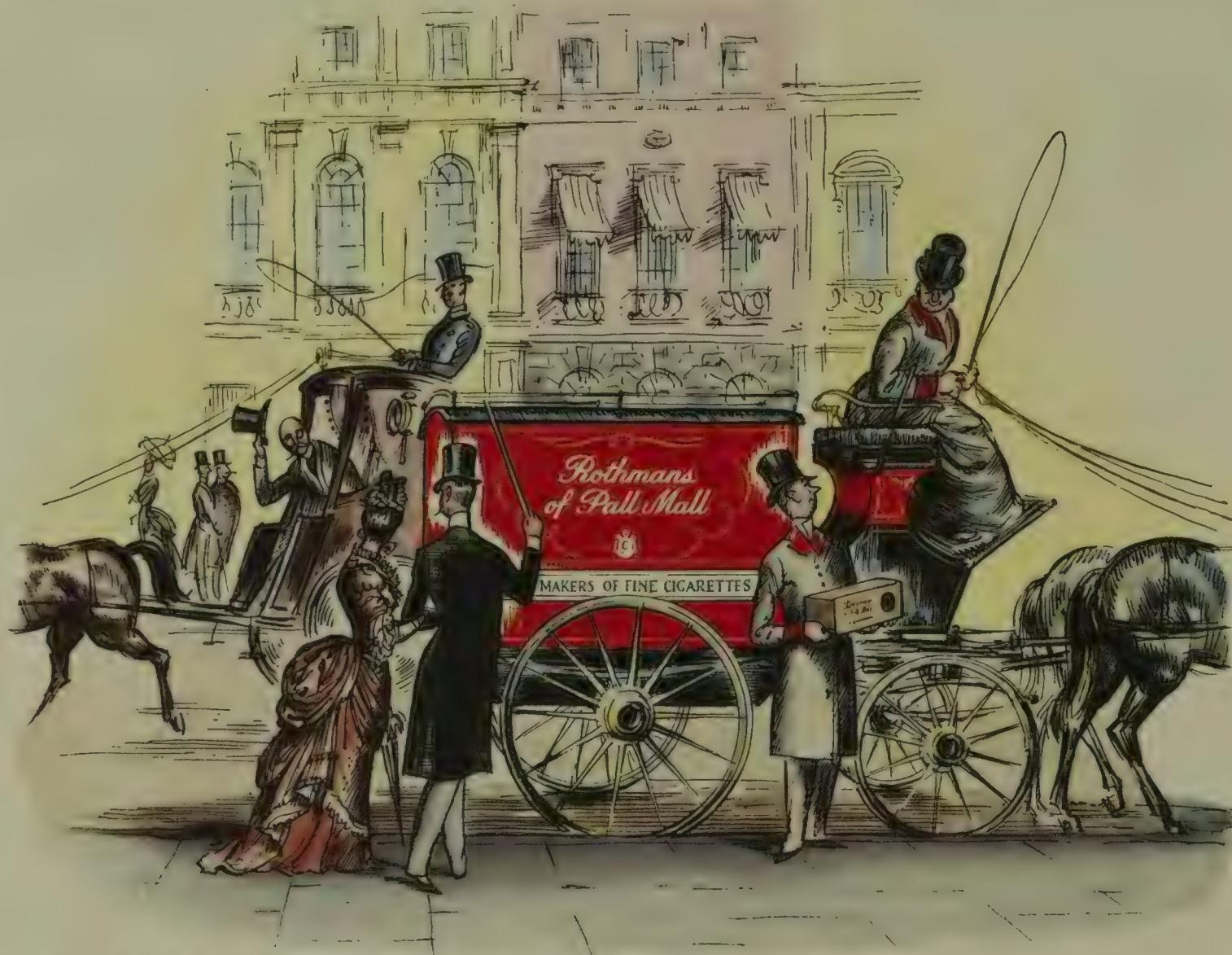
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60 Years of Fine Blending

50 Years of Filter making

In the Nineties the increasing fame of Mr. Rothman's first shop began to attract orders from connoisseurs who recognised the skilful blending of Rothmans Cigarettes.

Even in those early days some cigarettes were made of greater length to please the fancies of gentlemen from the clubs around Pall Mall.

Today, many smokers prefer Rothmans King Size Filter cigarettes because the extra length cools the smoke on the way to your throat and the filter provides additional smoothness.

Behind Rothmans King Size Filter stand 60 years of experience of blending fine Virginia tobaccos and 50 years of filter making.



Rothmans of Pall Mall



Priced at 3/11 for 20
in the compact turn-top box
available at all good tobacconists.

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SATURDAY, OCTOBER 26, 1957.



HER MAJESTY'S FIRST TELEVISION BROADCAST: THE QUEEN AT GOVERNMENT HOUSE, OTTAWA, ON OCTOBER 13.

On the evening of October 13, the second day of the Royal visit to Canada, the Queen gave a radio and television broadcast from Ottawa to the Canadian people. Her Majesty recalled happy memories of her last visit to Canada six years ago, and said that in her broadcast she wished to speak personally to the people of Canada. The following day she would be formally addressing their representatives when she opened the twenty-third Canadian Parliament. In the course of her talk the Queen referred to the impressive development of Canadian industry, and to the increasingly important part Canada was playing in world affairs. Her Majesty expressed the wish that during her

forthcoming visit to the United States, which was to take place from October 16 to 21, her Canadian audience, estimated to number some 12,000,000, should regard her primarily as the Head of the Canadian nation. Regretting the shortness of her stay in Canada, the Queen hoped that with the facilities of modern travel she would be able to return more frequently in the future, and she hoped to be present in 1959 for the opening of the St. Lawrence Seaway. The Queen's charming 7-minute broadcast was her first to be televised and had been delivered partly in French. Her Majesty concluded with the words "Good luck and God bless you all."

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By ARTHUR BRYANT.

AND so it seems we are all to go hurtling through space, those of us, that is, who survive the destruction which will almost undoubtedly be loosed on us, sooner or later, with the ingenious devices invented to enable us to leave our mother earth. I cannot say the prospect thrills me as it appears, judging from the newspapers, to thrill most of my younger contemporaries; I am nearly sixty, and I expect to take my departure from this world quite soon enough without anticipating matters by having myself rocketed to the moon! When I travel, I like to do so in comfort and, even more, I like to return, and this particular form of travel seems to offer little scope for either of these unadventurous tastes. So unless space travel is made compulsory, it will be an experience in which I shall have no part, and, being of a home-loving temperament and much preferring what used to be called civilisation to outer space, such remaining journeys as this life affords me will probably take me no further than to the Medoc and the Côte d'Or, or, possibly—a long unfulfilled ambition—to the vineyards of the Douro. Or—another long-wished-for journey—to the great Commonwealth countries in the Southern Hemisphere. I shall be quite content!

But to a younger generation I suppose the Russian achievement in launching a kind of space-ship—soon, no doubt, to be followed by similar American and British achievements—must seem almost as exciting as the discovery of the New World did to our sixteenth-century ancestors. For some years past, almost since the end of the last war, they have been eagerly devouring imaginary tales and pictures of space travel, without, so far, much tangible proof that man is really capable of projecting himself into space, and here, in the shape of a minute Russian "satellite" encircling the earth at dazzling speed—preceded, it seems, at a distance of a thousand miles or so, by its projecting apparatus—is the first authentic forerunner of a "space-ship." Soon, it is hoped, such whizzing and rotating objects will be able to carry human beings, and these human beings, improbable though it seems, will be able to live and survive in them. And, instead of aimlessly encircling the earth at a paltry distance of a few hundred miles from it, they will be enabled, we are told, to shoot into space in a straight or relatively straight line, proceeding with every second several hundred miles further away from this world. Though whether those in them will ever arrive anywhere or, if they do, will ever return, seems to my rather incredulous and cynical mind a matter of considerable conjecture. But, as Robert Louis Stevenson observed, it is better to travel hopefully than to arrive! And for the present, at any rate, hope is the very essence of space travel.

It is, of course, almost as difficult for an ageing man to project himself into the mind of a younger generation as it is to launch a space-ship. What will be the effect on that mind of the discovery by human space adventurers of, say, the moon or some other planet and their triumphal return from the same it is impossible as yet to conjecture. Yet there is one phenomenon associated with the European discovery of the ocean highways to new and remote worlds in the last years of the fifteenth century which at the moment seems scarcely likely to be repeated. This is the reassessment of the human situation and of the capacity of the human soul and mind which

followed hard on the discoveries of Columbus and Vasco da Gama, and which we call the Renaissance. True, this great quickening of man's capacity which we connect with such names as Leonardo da Vinci and Shakespeare was due to other causes besides that of the geographical widening of the "known world." But that it was most closely associated with it is clear from even a cursory study of sixteenth- and seventeenth-century literature. One manifestation of it was a crop of books dealing with an imaginary world of new opportunities, happiness and, above all, virtue, of which perhaps the most famous was the "Utopia" of our own Sir Thomas More. It is

Execute all things; for no kind of traffic
Would I admit; no name of magistrate;
Letters should not be known; riches, poverty
And use of service, none; contract, succession,
Bourn, bound of land, tilth, vineyard, none;
No use of metal, corn or wine or oil
No occupation; all men idle, all:
And women too; but innocent and pure:
No sovereignty;
All things in common nature should produce
Without sweat or endeavour: treason, felony,
Sword, pike, knife, gun, or need of any engine,
Would I not have; but nature should bring forth,
Of its own kind, all foison, all abundance
To feed my innocent people
... I would with such perfection govern, Sir,
To excel the golden age.

Where the society of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries differed from ours is that its thought was founded on an ancient and profoundly felt sense of religion—was based, that is, on intensive and continuous consideration of the meaning and purpose of human existence. Our generation is largely unconcerned with religion; its outlook is purely secular and its main interests technological. It views the prospect of geophysical travel and of widening for man the confines of the universe merely as a triumph of human ingenuity and of material opportunity, but not as a means of opening a new door to the human soul. It thinks, indeed, in abstractions which have no reality in terms of the Christian Faith: in the idea of mankind as a kind of joint-stock exploiting aggregate instead of in that of individual man or woman as the possessor of a soul of infinite individual value and inescapable personal responsibility. It is true that our Western democratic principles and conceptions of government derive from this ancient Christian belief, but we have almost lost sight of their inner meaning. We think of humanity or democracy on the march as though humanity or democracy were sentient and responsible creatures instead of abstractions without personal consciousness, soul or conscience. The Christian, on the other hand, believes that only the individual can experience, learn, suffer, rejoice and attain to wisdom and virtue, and that the whole end of life is that he or she should do so. It is because our newest technical achievements are at present totally unlinked to this feeling that I believe that they are likely to prove barren and, in the long run, unimportant. They may get man to the moon, but unless they also get him a little nearer to the ultimate meaning and purpose of the universe they will only, like so much modern mechanised travel, make the universe seem less, not more, interesting

and significant. By bringing Brighton, El Dorado or the moon nearer we do not make them seem any the more remarkable or worth while. For this reason I am inclined to think that, unless there is a revolutionary change in human thinking, the only result of what might be called space-rocketing will be, on the one hand, to open new, though still very problematical, avenues of material exploitation and enrichment, and, on the other, both to bring nearer the likelihood and immeasurably to increase the horrors of war or enslavement—the grim alternatives the Kremlin seems bent on offering Western man. I may be taking an unduly gloomy view of Science's latest achievement, but tools—and all these inventions are only tools—are a means to an end and not an end in themselves, and it is as well to ask ourselves what end.

A ROYAL COMPLIMENT TO CANADA.



FEATURING CANADA'S NATIONAL EMBLEM—THE MAPLE LEAF: A DETAIL OF THE EMBROIDERY ON THE MAGNIFICENT DRESS WHICH THE QUEEN WORE FOR THE STATE DINNER AND RECEPTION IN OTTAWA.

The magnificent dress which the Queen wore for the State dinner and reception at Government House, Ottawa, on October 14, is known as "the maple leaf of Canada dress." This dress, which was designed by Mr. Norman Hartnell, is of pale green satin embroidered with garlands of dark green maple leaves, each leaf being appliquéd with crystals and emeralds. Mingled with the Canadian emblem is the white rose of York aglitter with crystals and diamonds and decorated with pearls. The neckline of the dress is bordered with dark green velvet.

a commentary on the contrast of such hopes and the realities of human existence that More, one of the best of men, should have later died on the scaffold, and that, on any objective survey of the human situation, we still seem almost as far away from the better society he visualised as on the day he first dreamt of it. Indeed, some cynics might say we are even further away from it. One of the most familiar of these dreams of a new world in which man was to make a new and nobler start appears in the last and greatest of Shakespeare's plays, where the aged statesman, Gonzalo, shipwrecked on an enchanted island—supposedly somewhere near "the still vexed Bermoothes"—outlined to his companions the new society that he would like to find there.

Had I plantation of this isle, my Lord . . .
I the commonwealth I would by contraries



THE FIRST MOMENTS ON CANADIAN SOIL: A VIEW OF THE ROYAL ARRIVAL AT UPLANDS' AIRPORT, WHERE THE R.C.A.F. FORMED THE GUARD OF HONOUR.

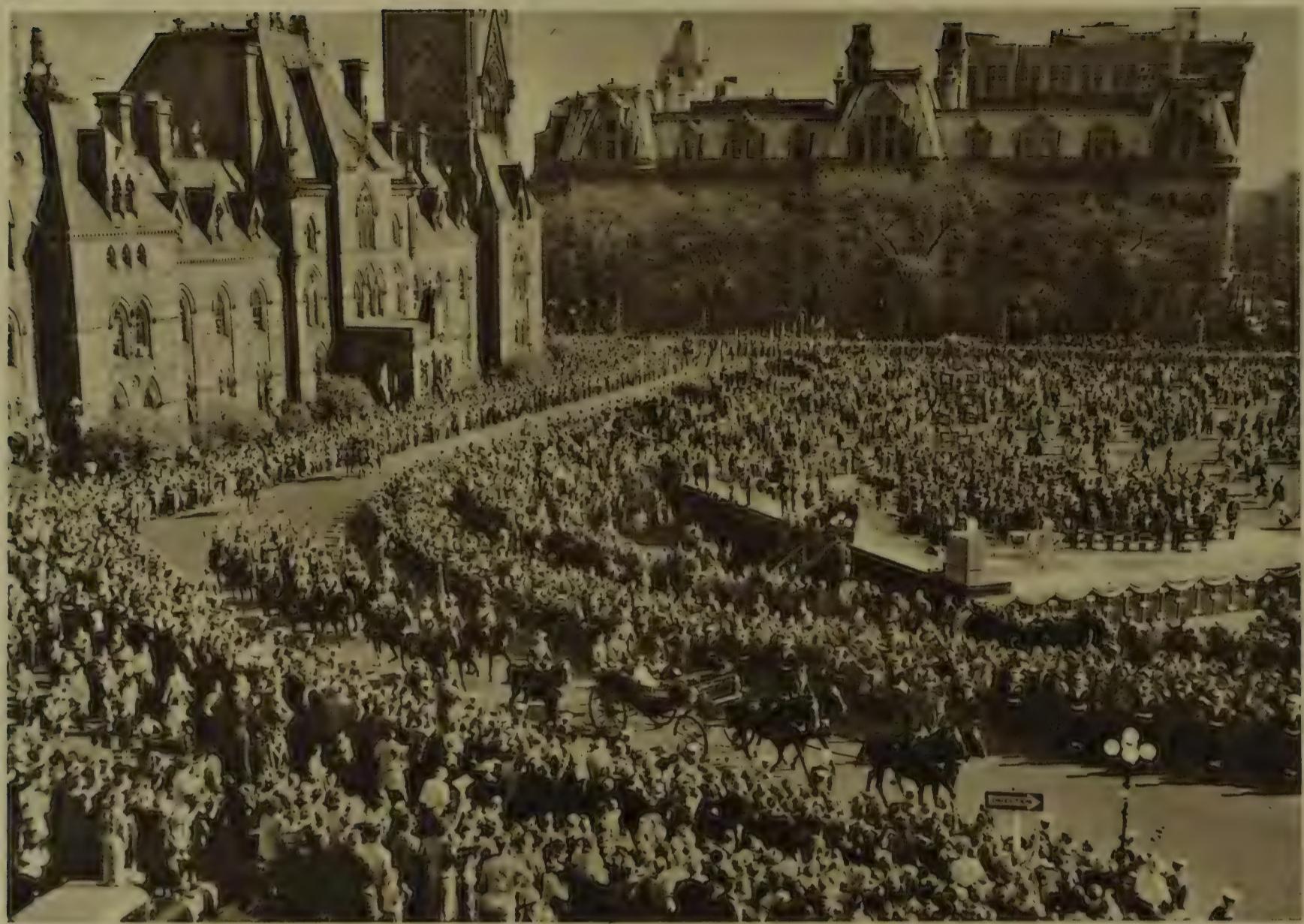


THE FIRST PUBLIC CEREMONY IN OTTAWA: THE WREATH-LAYING CEREMONY AT THE NATIONAL WAR MEMORIAL IN CONFEDERATION SQUARE.

EARLY SCENES OF THE QUEEN'S STAY IN CANADA: THE ARRIVAL, AND A WREATH-LAYING CEREMONY.

Some 20,000 people gathered at Uplands Airport on October 12 to welcome her Majesty the Queen and H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh on their arrival in Canada. After the 13½-hour flight from London the Royal aircraft—a B.O.A.C. Douglas D.C.-7C—touched down to the accompaniment of a 21-gun salute, and at 4.30 p.m. (local time) her Majesty appeared at the door of the airliner. She was received by the Governor-General, and by the Prime Minister and Mrs. Diefenbaker. After the Royal Salute the Queen inspected the

guard of honour mounted by the R.C.A.F. The Queen and the Duke then entered a light-coloured Cadillac convertible with a special plastic-type hood for the 10-mile drive to Government House in Ottawa, along a route lined by thousands of Canadians eager for their first sight of the Royal visitors. On the following morning the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh drove to the National War Memorial, where they laid a wreath (a ceremony fully described in our last issue), before attending Divine Service at Christ Church Cathedral.



WITH AN ESCORT OF ROYAL CANADIAN MOUNTED POLICE: THE QUEEN AND THE DUKE ARRIVING AT PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS IN THE STATE LANDAU.



QUEEN OF CANADA: HER MAJESTY, WITH THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH AT HER SIDE, ENTHRONED IN THE SENATE DURING THE OPENING OF PARLIAMENT.

A NEVER-TO-BE-FORGOTTEN EVENT: THE QUEEN OF CANADA OPENING HER PARLIAMENT IN OTTAWA.

There was bright sunshine on October 14, when the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh drove past cheering crowds from Government House to Parliament Hill, Ottawa, where, in the flag-decked Parliament Buildings, the Queen opened Parliament. In the Speech from the Throne the Queen, as the first Sovereign to open a session of Parliament in Canada in person, recalled the moving words of Queen Elizabeth I, who, when she spoke to her last Parliament over 350 years ago, said: "Though God hath raised me high yet this I count the glory of my Crown that I have reigned with your loves."

Then, with emotion in her voice, the Queen went on: "Now, here in the New World, I say to you that it is my wish that in the years before me I may so reign in Canada and be so remembered." The brilliant and historic ceremony was, in the Queen's words, "a moment to remember," and one which will never be forgotten in the years to come. The opening of Parliament coincided with the Dominion's Thanksgiving Day, a national annual public holiday, and many millions of people were able to watch the historic events on television.



THE ARRIVAL AT PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS, OTTAWA : H.M. THE QUEEN, WITH THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH, PAUSING AT THE ENTRANCE TO THE PEACE TOWER WHILE THE ROYAL SALUTE WAS PLAYED.

At 2.55 p.m. on Monday, October 14, her Majesty the Queen, with H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh, arrived at Parliament Buildings in Ottawa to open the first session of the twenty-third Parliament of Canada. After being received by the Prime Minister, Mr. Diefenbaker, and the Leader of the Government in the Senate, Senator John T. Haig, the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh paused at the top of the steps leading to the Peace Tower while the Royal Salute was played. A guard of honour was formed by the 1st. Batt. the

Canadian Guards. The Queen, a radiant figure in her Coronation dress, wore the magnificent fringe tiara which belonged originally to Queen Alexandra and then to Queen Mary. She also wore a graduated diamond necklace with a diamond drop, and large pearl earrings. Pinned to the blue riband of the Order of the Garter were two miniature paintings, the Royal Family Orders of King George V and her father, King George VI. The Duke of Edinburgh was in the uniform of Colonel-in-Chief of the Royal Canadian Regiment.

THE ROYAL VISIT TO CANADA: SCENES
IN OTTAWA AND HULL.



IN THE GARDEN OF GOVERNMENT HOUSE, OTTAWA: THE QUEEN AND THE DUKE, ESCORTED BY THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL, WHOSE DOG DUFF CARRIES HER MAJESTY'S HANDBAG IN HIS MOUTH.

DURING their stay in Canada the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh were staying at Rideau Hall, or Government House, the residence of the Governor-General, Mr. Vincent Massey. It was in the grounds of Government House that the two delightful photographs at the top of this page were taken. It was from Government House that her Majesty and the Duke set out on the morning of October 15 on the drive to Hull, the French-speaking city in Quebec, across the river from Ottawa. On arriving at the Hôtel de Ville the Royal visitors were given a rousing welcome by thousands of schoolchildren. They entered the Hôtel de Ville to sign the Golden Book of the city. Later the Royal couple drove to Hurdman Bridge, where the Queen opened the Queensway Project—a scheme which will form part of the Trans-Canada highway system within the city of Ottawa. The Duke of Edinburgh later met Canadian members of his recent Study Conference, about which he broadcast in the afternoon.



CAMERAS NOT QUITE AT THE READY: THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL'S GRANDCHILDREN STAND SPELLBOUND AS THE QUEEN AND THEIR GRANDFATHER WALK PAST.



AFTER LAYING A WREATH AT THE NATIONAL WAR MEMORIAL ON OCTOBER 13: THE QUEEN, ACCOMPANIED BY MR. A. J. BROOKS, MINISTER OF VETERANS' AFFAIRS, WALKING FROM THE MEMORIAL.



ON THE DRIVE TO HULL, THE FRENCH-SPEAKING CITY ACROSS THE RIVER FROM OTTAWA: THE ROYAL CAR PASSING A PARTY OF NUNS AND SCHOOLGIRLS, WHO WERE AMONG THE THOUSANDS LINING THE ROUTE.



INAUGURATING THE QUEENSWAY PROJECT ON OCTOBER 15: THE QUEEN SMILES AFTER PRESSING A BUTTON WHICH SET OFF A SMALL DYNAMITE CHARGE ABOUT 100 YARDS BEHIND HER.

FORMAL OCCASIONS AND THE GIFT OF A STURGEON: ROYAL SCENES IN OTTAWA.



AN AMUSING MOMENT: THE QUEEN AND THE DUKE LAUGHING WHEN A HUGE STURGEON WAS PRESENTED TO THEM IN OTTAWA ON OCTOBER 13.



AFTER A SERVICE ON OCTOBER 13: THE QUEEN SHAKING HANDS WITH THE BISHOP OF OTTAWA AS SHE LEAVES CHRIST CHURCH CATHEDRAL.



AT THE STATE DINNER AT GOVERNMENT HOUSE ON OCTOBER 14: FROM L. TO R., THE TURKISH AMBASSADOR, MRS. DIEFENBAKER, THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF CANADA, MR. MASSEY, THE QUEEN, THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH, THE PRIME MINISTER, MR. DIEFENBAKER, AND THE WIFE OF THE TURKISH AMBASSADOR. THE PORTRAITS ARE OF THE LATE KING AND THE QUEEN MOTHER.



THE STATE RECEPTION AT GOVERNMENT HOUSE, OCTOBER 14: THE CANADIAN CHIEF JUSTICE, MR. KERWIN, SHAKING HANDS WITH THE QUEEN. RIGHT, THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH, AND BEHIND THE QUEEN, MR. MASSEY.



SHORTLY BEFORE THE QUEEN'S DEPARTURE ON OCT. 16: AN OTTAWA SCHOOL-GIRL PRESENTS A NOSEGAY TO HER MAJESTY AT LANSDOWNE PARK.

On the morning of October 13, the second day of the Royal visit to Canada, her Majesty and the Duke of Edinburgh attended Divine Service at Christ Church Cathedral, Ottawa. A less formal occasion which took place on the same day was the presentation to the Queen and the Duke at Government House of a huge sturgeon which had been caught in Canadian waters. The main event the next day was the opening of the Canadian Parliament



THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH RECEIVING HIS DIPLOMA AS AN HONORARY FELLOW OF THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF CANADA: A CEREMONY ON OCTOBER 14 AT GOVERNMENT HOUSE.

by the Queen, but besides this, there was that evening a State banquet and reception at Government House, and the Duke received his diploma as Honorary Fellow of the Royal Society of Canada. Before leaving Uplands Airport for the United States on October 16, the Queen and the Duke visited Lansdowne Park, where they were presented with floral tributes by a schoolgirl and a schoolboy on behalf of the many Ottawa schoolchildren present.



THE EXTRAORDINARY MEETING OF THE PRIVY COUNCIL FOR CANADA WHICH PRECEDED THE QUEEN'S OPENING OF PARLIAMENT ON OCTOBER 14. SEATED (L. TO R.) ARE : MR. D. HARKNESS (AGRICULTURE) ; MR. E. D. FULTON (MINISTER OF JUSTICE AND ATTORNEY-GENERAL) ; MR. G. R. PEARKES, V.C. (NATIONAL DEFENCE) ; MR. G. HEES (TRANSPORT) ; MR. D. FLEMING (FINANCE) ; MR. JOHN DIEFENBAKER (PRIME MINISTER) ; H.M. THE QUEEN ; THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH ; MR. VINCENT MASSEY, GOVERNOR-GENERAL ; MR. H. GREEN (PUBLIC WORKS) ; MR. A. J. BROOKS (VETERANS' AFFAIRS) ; MR. L. BALMER

(SOLICITOR-GENERAL) ; MR. G. CHURCHILL (TRADE AND COMMERCE) ; MR. G. NOWLAN (NATIONAL REVENUE) ; AND MRS. ELLEN FAIRCLOUGH (SECRETARY OF STATE). STANDING (L. TO R.) ARE : MR. W. J. BROWN (WITHOUT PORTFOLIO) ; MR. SIDNEY SMITH (EXTERNAL AFFAIRS) ; MR. W. MONTIETH (HEALTH AND WELFARE) ; MR. W. HAMILTON (POSTMASTER-GENERAL) ; MR. J. A. MACLEAN (FISHERIES) ; MR. M. STARR (LABOUR) ; MR. J. M. MACDONNELL (WITHOUT PORTFOLIO) ; MR. P. COMTOIS (MINES AND TECHNICAL SURVEYS), AND MR. A. HAMILTON (NORTHERN AFFAIRS AND NATIONAL RESOURCES).



CANADA'S FAREWELL TO THE QUEEN AND DUKE : (CENTRE) MR. AND MRS. DIEFENBAKER AND MR. MASSEY (WAVING), AT THE AIRPORT.

THE ROYAL TOUR OF CANADA : THE QUEEN WITH THE CANADIAN PRIVY COUNCIL ; AND FAREWELLS AT THE AIRPORT.

On October 14, before her opening of the Canadian Parliament, the Queen attended a brief meeting of the Privy Council for Canada, at which the Duke of Edinburgh was sworn in as a member. The only other living non-Canadian members are Sir Winston Churchill, the Duke of Windsor and Lord Alexander of Tunis.—On the morning of October 16 the Queen

and the Duke of Edinburgh broke their drive from Government House to the airport to visit a gathering of 20,000 Canadian children. At the airport a C5 aircraft of the R.C.A.F. was waiting to carry the Queen to Williamsburg, in the United States; and here the Queen and the Duke bade a warm farewell to Mr. and Mrs. Diefenbaker and the Governor-General, Mr. Massey.



A DEMONSTRATION OF RED INDIAN CUSTOMS OF 350 YEARS AGO : THE QUEEN AND THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH PAUSE TO WATCH TWO INDIAN GIRLS AT THEIR HOUSEHOLD DUTIES IN THE JAMESTOWN FESTIVAL PARK, VIRGINIA, WHICH THEY VISITED ON OCTOBER 16.

THE first permanent British Settlement in the New World was founded at Jamestown, Virginia, in 1607. The celebrations of the 350th anniversary of this important event were crowned by the visit of the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh on October 16, the opening day of their State visit to the United States. After attending a brief service in the Old Church on Jamestown Island, the Royal visitors moved on to the Jamestown Festival Park, which has been developed as a living exhibition to "freshen America's memory of the men who established Jamestown." After their reception at the Court of Welcome the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh visited the Old World Pavilion, which houses the exhibit presented by the British Government, and entitled "The Old World Heritage." They were then conducted to the Discovery Tower, the central feature of this exhibition. Then the Royal party spent a few minutes in James Fort, a fascinating reconstruction of the first settlers' fort, where they were much interested by their glimpse of the Virginia of 350 years ago.



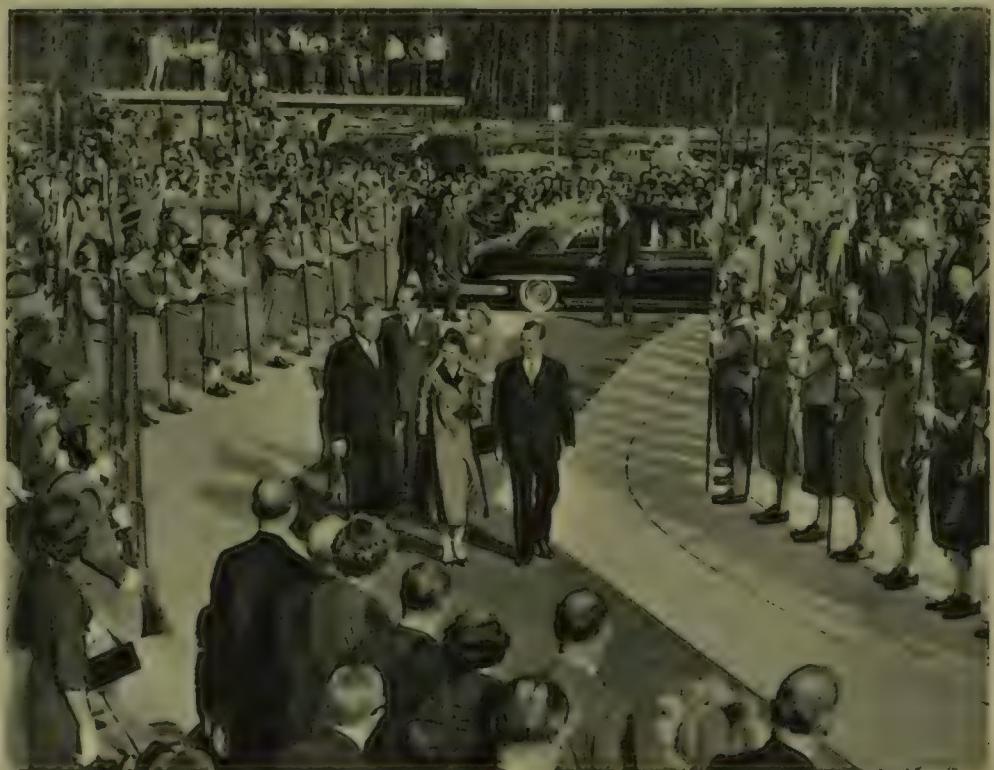
IN JAMES FORT : THE QUEEN AND THE DUKE LAUGHING AS THEY PASSED "PRISONERS" IN THE STOCKS DURING THEIR TOUR IN JAMES FORT : THE QUEEN AND THE DUKE LAUGHING AS THEY PASSED "PRISONERS" IN THE STOCKS DURING THEIR TOUR

A GLIMPSE OF THE VIRGINIA OF 350 YEARS AGO : THE QUEEN AND THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH AT THE JAMESTOWN FESTIVAL.

THE ROYAL VISIT TO THE UNITED STATES:
SCENES IN JAMESTOWN AND WILLIAMSBURG.



IN BRILLIANT SUNSHINE: THE QUEEN, FOLLOWED BY THE DUKE (LEFT, FOREGROUND), ARRIVING AT THE OLD CHURCH ON JAMESTOWN ISLAND, WHERE THEY ATTENDED A BRIEF SERVICE.



PASSING THE GUARD OF HONOUR FORMED BY BEWIGGED INFANTRYMEN IN SEVENTEENTH-CENTURY UNIFORMS: THE QUEEN AND THE DUKE ARRIVING AT THE JAMESTOWN FESTIVAL.



LEAVING THE 100-TON SUSAN CONSTANT: THE QUEEN AND THE DUKE ON BOARD THE RECONSTRUCTED VERSION OF THE SHIP WHICH BROUGHT SOME OF THE FIRST SETTLERS FROM ENGLAND TO THE NEW WORLD.



DRIVING IN AN OPEN CARRIAGE DOWN GLOUCESTER STREET, ONCE CALLED "THE MOST HISTORIC AVENUE IN AMERICA": THE QUEEN AND THE DUKE IN WILLIAMSBURG.



AT WILLIAMSBURG: THE QUEEN AND THE DUKE ON THE BALCONY OF THE COLLEGE OF WILLIAM AND MARY WITH RECTOR JAMES H. ROBERTSON (LEFT) AND ADMIRAL CHANDLER, PRESIDENT OF THE COLLEGE (RIGHT).

On October 16 the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh flew to Virginia from Ottawa. They arrived at Patrick Henry Airport at 1.30 p.m. and found nearly 10,000 people gathered there to welcome them on their first visit to the United States since the Queen's accession to the throne. The Royal party left almost immediately for the near-by Jamestown Festival Park, where they took part in the celebrations which are being held to mark the 350th anniversary of the first permanent British settlement in the New World. The Queen and

the Duke then returned to Williamsburg, once the capital of the Crown Colony of Virginia, where they had tea at the College of William and Mary and attended a brief ceremony on the balcony of the Wren Building. Later the Royal couple drove in an open carriage down Duke of Gloucester Street to the Governor's Palace, where a reception was held in their honour. After visiting the Capitol, the first Government building in America to be so-named, they went to the Williamsburg Inn.

H.M. THE QUEEN IN VIRGINIA; A DAY OF RICH HISTORICAL ASSOCIATIONS.



IN OLD JAMESTOWN—THE RECONSTRUCTION OF THE FIRST PERMANENT SETTLEMENT IN AMERICA: THE QUEEN EXAMINES THE LECTERN IN THE CHURCH, WITH A GUIDE IN THE COSTUME OF A MINISTER OF THE PERIOD.



HER MAJESTY WALKING THROUGH THE RECONSTRUCTED SETTLEMENT OF JAMESTOWN, WITH STROLLERS IN THE COSTUME OF 350 YEARS AGO "DRESSING THE SCENE."



AT THE JAMESTOWN GRAVEYARD: THE QUEEN AND THE DUKE LISTENING TO THE CANADIAN-BORN NEGRO GUIDE TELLING THE STORY OF THE "MOTHER-IN-LAW TREE."

On October 16, the first day of the Queen's visit to the United States, much of her time was spent in Jamestown, the oldest British permanent settlement in America and the scene of much recent reconstruction (as described on page 693). Both she and the Duke were much amused by the vivacious account by the Negro guide of the "mother-in-law tree" in the graveyard. The tree is so called because it sprang up between the graves of Dr. James



THE QUEEN WITH THE GOVERNOR OF VIRGINIA WATCHING "SPARKLING EYES," A FULL-BLOODED INDIAN OF THE RAPPAHANOCK TRIBE, POUNDING CORN IN A WOODEN MORTAR AT JAMESTOWN.



IN A WHITE SATIN GOWN, EMBROIDERED WITH CRYSTAL, DIAMONDS, PEARLS, MOONSTONES AND SAPPHIRES: QUEEN ELIZABETH BEFORE THE DINNER AT THE WILLIAMSBURG INN.

Blair, the founder of William and Mary College, and of his wife, Sarah, thus at last separating them—a feat which both the families had never achieved. In the evening, the Queen and the Duke, who were staying in the Williamsburg Inn, were entertained to dinner there by the Governor of Virginia, Mr. Thomas B. Stanley, and the officials of the Jamestown Festival and of Colonial Williamsburg, including its chairman, Mr. Winthrop Rockefeller.



AT THE WHITE HOUSE STATE DINNER ON OCTOBER 17: THE QUEEN AND THE DUKE ON EITHER SIDE OF THEIR HOSTS, PRESIDENT AND MRS. EISENHOWER.



AFTER A TRIUMPHAL PROCESSION FROM THE AIRPORT: THE CAR CARRYING THE ROYAL VISITORS AND PRESIDENT EISENHOWER ARRIVING AT THE WHITE HOUSE.

THE GUESTS OF THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES: THE QUEEN AND THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH IN WASHINGTON.

President Eisenhower was at Washington National Airport to greet the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh on their arrival from Virginia on the morning of October 17. Speaking as Queen of Canada her Majesty replied to the President's welcoming remarks, and expressed her delight at being in Washington. The Queen and her husband sat on either side of Mr. Eisenhower during their State drive from the airport to the White House. Huge crowds lined the whole route and gave the Royal visitors a rousing welcome. After lunching

at the White House with President and Mrs. Eisenhower the Queen and the Duke drove to Arlington National Cemetery to lay wreaths on the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier and on the Canadian Memorial, a ceremony performed in steady drizzle. The only other engagement that afternoon was the Press reception at the Statler Hotel. In the evening the President and Mrs. Eisenhower gave a State dinner at the White House in honour of their Royal visitors—a glittering occasion attended by many distinguished guests.



AT THE AMERICAN FOOTBALL MATCH BETWEEN MARYLAND AND N. CAROLINA UNIVERSITIES: THE QUEEN WITH TWO PLAYERS BEFORE THE GAME.



A STRUGGLE BETWEEN HELMETED AND PADDED FIGURES OF MARTIAN ASPECT: ONE OF THE SCRUMS DURING THE AMERICAN FOOTBALL MATCH WHICH THE QUEEN WATCHED ON OCTOBER 19. HER MAJESTY CAN BE SEEN IN THE FRONT ROW OF SPECTATORS, LEFT CENTRE.

A MEMORABLE EVENT OF THE ROYAL VISIT TO THE U.S.A.: THE QUEEN WATCHES AN AMERICAN FOOTBALL MATCH.

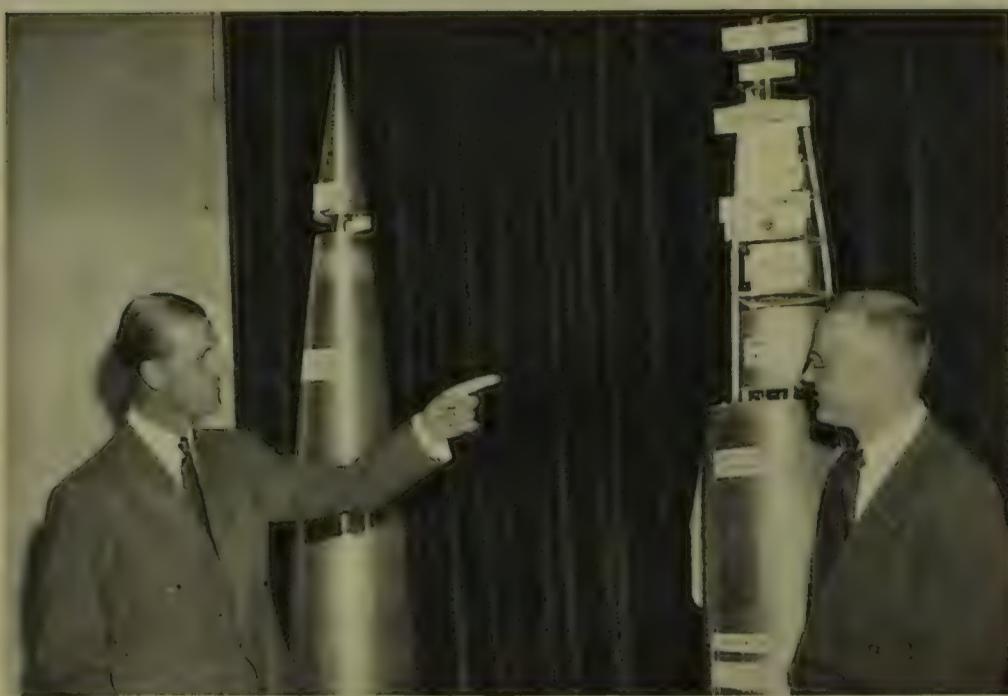
One of the less formal events of the Royal visit to the United States, but one which is likely to remain a distinctive memory in American minds in future years, was the Queen's presence at an American football match on the afternoon of Saturday, October 19—an event which had been arranged at her Majesty's personal wish. The arrival of the Queen and the Duke at the Maryland University Stadium in President Eisenhower's "bubble-top" car was greeted by a deep-throated cheer from some 43,000 spectators. Having an appointment on the golf-course, the President

himself was absent on this occasion. The match watched by the Royal visitors was between the Universities of Maryland and North Carolina. During the interval university bands played British tunes and the students staged various demonstrations of welcome for the Queen. Following this memorable match, there was yet another informal Royal engagement—also at the Queen's own request, and arranged at very short notice—when her Majesty and the Duke visited a supermarket on their way back to the White House and mingled with surprised Saturday afternoon shoppers.

THE QUEEN AND THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH IN WASHINGTON: GIFTS; A PRESENTATION; AND OTHER MEMORABLE SCENES.



AT THE CAPITOL, WASHINGTON, ON OCTOBER 18: THE QUEEN AND THE DUKE, WITH THEIR LUNCHEON HOSTS, THE VICE-PRESIDENT, MR. NIXON, AND HIS WIFE.



THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH AT THE NATIONAL ACADEMY OF SCIENCES, WASHINGTON, EXAMINING MODELS OF THE ROCKETS DESIGNED TO LAUNCH THE AMERICAN SATELLITES. (RIGHT) DR. H. E. NEWELL.



AT THE NATIONAL GALLERY OF ART: THE QUEEN ADMIRING FRA FILIPPO LIPPI'S "ADORATION OF THE MAGI." IN THE WHEELED CHAIR, MR. R. H. KRESS.



PRESIDENT AND MRS. EISENHOWER (LEFT) PRESENTING TO THE QUEEN (WITH THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH, RIGHT) THE 107 VOLUMES OF THE CARLTON PAPERS, THE HQ PAPERS OF THE BRITISH ARMY IN THE WAR OF INDEPENDENCE.



THE PORTRAIT OF PRINCE CHARLES, WHICH PRESIDENT EISENHOWER PRESENTED TO THE QUEEN—FROM A COPY OF THE OIL PORTAIT PAINTED BY THE PRESIDENT HIMSELF.



THE SPECIAL NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC SOCIETY MEDAL PRESENTED BY THE PRESIDENT TO THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH AND COMMEMORATING THE DUKE'S VOYAGE.



AN UNCONVENTIONAL PICTURE—AND EVIDENCE OF THE CLOSE PLANNING OF THE WASHINGTON VISIT: NAME CARDS MARKING THE POSITION OF THE QUEEN, THE PRESIDENT AND MR. DIEFENBAKER.

Rain failed to damp the pleasure with which the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh fulfilled their engagements on the second day of their visit to Washington—October 18; nor did it detract from the enthusiasm of all those who greeted them. The Queen's first engagement was a visit to the National Gallery of Art, and while she was there the Duke of Edinburgh was presented by President Eisenhower with the National Geographic Society's gold medal for service to geography, at the White House. After the Queen had visited

the Washington Children's Hospital she and the Duke were entertained to luncheon at the Capitol by Vice-President and Mrs. Nixon. In the afternoon the Queen and the Duke received the Heads of the Diplomatic Missions in Washington, and later the Heads of Mission of the Commonwealth countries gave a reception in her Majesty's honour at the British Embassy. In the evening the Secretary of State and Mrs. Dulles gave a State dinner in honour of the Royal visitors at the Pan-American Union.

**THE UNFORGETTABLE CLIMAX OF THE QUEEN'S
VISIT TO THE U.S.: HER DAY IN NEW YORK.**



THE QUEEN SPEAKING BEFORE THE MAYOR'S LUNCHEON. ON THE QUEEN'S RIGHT ARE MR. HOOVER AND GOVERNOR HARRIMAN. BEHIND, RIGHT, MRS. ROOSEVELT.



AT THE WALDORF-ASTORIA LUNCHEON: THE MAYOR, MR. ROBERT WAGNER, FASTENING THE AWARD OF MERIT ROUND HER MAJESTY'S NECK. LEFT, MR. HERBERT HOOVER.



FAREWELL TO NEW YORK. THE QUEEN AND THE DUKE, STILL IN THE CLOTHES IN WHICH THEY ATTENDED THE BALL, SAYING GOOD-BYE AS THEY ENTER THE AIRCRAFT.

Although New York is a city famous for rousing welcomes it outdid itself in exuberance on October 21 when the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh spent a memorable day there. After their arrival at Staten Island in the Royal train at 10.10 a.m. the Queen and the Duke made the trip across the harbour to Manhattan in an army ferry. Then followed the most spectacular part of the day's programme when, in fine autumn weather, the Royal visitors drove through Lower Broadway to City Hall while New York's traditional "ticker-tape" welcome showered down upon the Royal car. Throughout the day New



THE BEGINNING OF A GREAT DAY: THE QUEEN WITH GOVERNOR HARRIMAN IN THE FERRY AS THEY APPROACHED THE TOWERING SKYSCRAPERS OF NEW YORK CITY.



NEW YORK'S WELCOME TO THE QUEEN. THE CROWDS CHEER, THE FLAGS WAVE AND THE "TICKER-TAPE" FALLS LIKE SNOW, AS THE QUEEN DRIVES UP LOWER BROADWAY.

Yorkers turned out in immense numbers to see the Queen and the Duke and everywhere they were received with enthusiasm and great friendliness. During the day the Queen went to the top of the Empire State building; attended a luncheon given by the Mayor, Mr. Wagner, at the Waldorf-Astoria; addressed the General Assembly of the United Nations; attended a banquet organised jointly by the Pilgrims of the United States and the English-Speaking Union; and, finally, before leaving for Idlewild airport and home, attended the Commonwealth ball at the 7th Regiment Armoury, Park Avenue.



A UNIQUE OCCASION IN CANADA'S HISTORY: THE SCENE IN THE SENATE WHEN FOR THE FIRST TIME A REIGNING SOVEREIGN OPENED PARLIAMENT IN PERSON.

October 14, 1957, marked a unique occasion in Canadian history, for on that day H.M. Queen Elizabeth II opened a session of Parliament in Ottawa. It

was the first occasion in the history of that great country that the reigning sovereign has done so in person. In the Speech from the Throne, made in

English and in French, the Queen outlined the legislative programme of Mr. Diefenbaker's new Conservative Government. A close-up of this scene,

showing the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh enthroned in the Senate of the Parliament Buildings in Ottawa, appears on page 688.



A NOTABLE MOMENT IN THE HISTORY OF THE UNITED NATIONS : THE SCENE INSIDE THE ASSEMBLY HALL DURING THE QUEEN'S VISIT ON OCTOBER 21.



HER MAJESTY ADDRESSING THE U.N. GENERAL ASSEMBLY—BEHIND HER ARE (L. TO R.) MR. HAMMARSKJÖLD, SIR LESLIE MUNRO, AND MR. A. CORDIER. SPEAKING TO THE REPRESENTATIVES OF THE WORLD: HER MAJESTY AT THE UNITED NATIONS GENERAL ASSEMBLY.

An outstanding occasion of the crowded programme on October 21—the day the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh spent in New York—was the Royal visit to the United Nations building, during which her Majesty addressed the General Assembly. The huge Assembly Hall was filled to capacity with an audience estimated at 2500. Mr. Hammarskjöld, the Secretary-General, and Sir Leslie Munro, the New Zealand President of the General Assembly, welcomed the Royal visitors. Her Majesty's address

was devoted principally to the rôle of the Commonwealth in the Assembly. "Ten Commonwealth countries are represented in this Assembly," she said, "—countries which form a free association of fully independent States. . . . They add, and will continue to add, to the United Nations a tried element of strength and of accumulated experience." This was the first time that a British Monarch had addressed the General Assembly, and her Majesty was given a prolonged ovation both before and after her speech.

IN LONDON AND LOWESTOFT: FROM SCHOOLGIRLS TO BEAUTY QUEENS.



ON THEIR ANNUAL ST. MATTHEW'S DAY VISIT TO LONDON: BLUE COAT GIRLS FROM CHRIST'S HOSPITAL, HERTFORD, RECEIVING THEIR GUINEAS FROM THE LORD MAYOR.

On October 15 the Blue Coat boys and girls of Christ's Hospital made their traditional visits to London for the annual St. Matthew's Day Service at St. Sepulchre's, Holborn. After the service, which is rarely held on the actual St. Matthew's Day, the boys and girls marched to the Mansion House, where they had tea with the Lord Mayor, who distributed gifts of new money among them.



GATHERED AT LOWESTOFT FOR THE REVIEW OF THE HERRING FISHING FLEET BY THE C.-IN-C., THE NORE: BOATS FROM SCOTTISH PORTS.

On October 21 Admiral Sir Frederick Parham, C.-in-C., The Nore, was to inspect some 150 boats, most of them Scottish vessels, in a review at Lowestoft of the herring fishing fleet. This review, the first of its kind, was part of the programme arranged to celebrate the revival of an 800-year-old East Anglian Fishing Fair. The Minister of Agriculture and Fisheries was to open an international fisheries exhibition.



SOLD AT SOTHEBY'S ON OCTOBER 18: ONE OF THREE PANELS FROM THE FAMOUS OXBURGH BED HANGINGS WORKED BY MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS AND BESS OF HARDWICK.

The Duke of Hamilton paid £1050 at Sotheby's for the three small panels, worked in *gros point* in coloured silks and bound with gold threads, from the Oxburgh Hangings. The remainder of this famous series of bed hangings, worked by Mary Queen of Scots and the Countess of Shrewsbury (Bess of Hardwick) were bought for the nation and presented to the Victoria and Albert Museum some four years ago. This panel, showing a cat and a mouse, is signed with the Queen's monogram.



AT THE ALBERT HALL ON OCTOBER 20: PART OF THE AUDIENCE AT THE MASS MEETING ORGANISED BY THE BRITISH LEGION WHICH PASSED UNANIMOUSLY A RESOLUTION CALLING FOR HIGHER WAR PENSIONS.



MUSCLES MAKE "MR. UNIVERSE": COMPETITORS LINING UP FOR THE PRELIMINARY JUDGING IN THE AMATEUR "MR. UNIVERSE" COMPETITION AT THE "MAYFAIRIA" ROOMS, LONDON, ON OCTOBER 18. THE FINALS WERE HELD AT THE COLISEUM ON OCTOBER 19, THE WINNER OF THE AMATEUR SECTION BEING NO. 22 (MR. JOHN LEES, OF CHESHIRE).



BEAUTY MAKES "MISS WORLD": MISS MERITA LINDAHL ("MISS FINLAND") ENTHRONED AFTER WINNING THE "MISS WORLD" COMPETITION AT THE LYCEUM BALLROOM, LONDON, ON OCTOBER 14. WITH HER ARE SEEN "MISS DENMARK," WHO CAME SECOND, AND "MISS SOUTH AFRICA," WHO WAS THIRD.

SOME PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE AND EVENTS IN THE PUBLIC EYE.



TRAGICALLY KILLED IN AUSTRALIA :
PROF. V. GORDON CHILDE.

Professor V. Gordon Childe fell to his death on October 19 while studying rock formations in the Blue Mountains, 50 miles west of Sidney (his birthplace in 1892). Educated at Oxford, he excavated Skara Brae before being appointed Abercromby Professor of Prehistoric European Archaeology at Edinburgh in 1927. He became University Professor of Prehistoric European Archaeology and Director of the Institute of Archaeology in the University of London in 1946, retiring last year.



A DISTINGUISHED LONDON FIGURE DIES : SIR W. WALDRON.
Sir William James Waldron, who died suddenly aged eighty-one on October 15, was Sheriff of the City of London for 1935 to 1936, and was six times Mayor of Fulham, where he did much to improve housing conditions. A racehorse owner and thoroughbred breeder, he was also interested in agriculture. He became Past Master of the Glaziers Company in 1947.



PAKISTAN'S NEW PRIME MINISTER : MR. ISMAIL IBRAHIM CHUNDRIGAR.

Following the resignation of Mr. Suhrawardy, reported in our last issue, Mr. Ismail Ibrahim Chundrigar, leader of the Pakistan Moslem League, was commissioned by the President, Major-Gen. Iskander Mirza, to form a Government, and Mr. Chundrigar and eleven of his Cabinet were sworn in by the President on Oct. 18, in Karachi, the Federal capital. Mr. Chundrigar is aged sixty.



FORMER PRINCIPAL OF R.A.D.A. : THE LATE SIR KENNETH BARNES.

Sir Kenneth Barnes, Principal of the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art from 1909 (five years after its founding by Sir Herbert Tree) until 1955, died on Oct. 16, aged 79. Sir Kenneth, a brother of the late Dame Irene and Miss Violet Vanbrugh, probably did more than any other man in the history of the theatre to secure sound training for young actors and actresses.



A FAMOUS COMEDIAN DIES : MR. JACK BUCHANAN.

Jack Buchanan, who died on October 20, was famous as a musical-comedy actor in the period between the wars. An elegant figure, he delighted his audiences with his easy, graceful style of singing, dancing and comic acting. He first went on the stage before the First World War, and continued until very recently as actor, manager and film producer. One of his latest film roles was Major Thompson, portraying a Parisian idea of the typical Englishman.



TO BE C.-IN-C. MEDITERRANEAN : ADMIRAL SIR CHARLES LAMBE.

Admiral Sir Charles Lambe, who is Second Sea Lord and Chief of Naval Personnel, has been appointed C.-in-C. Mediterranean, in succession to Admiral Sir Ralph Edwards, who has had to relinquish his command because of illness. Admiral Lambe will also succeed to the N.A.T.O. appointment of C.-in-C. Allied Forces, Mediterranean. Admiral Lambe was C.-in-C., Far East Station, from 1953-54.



AWARDED THE NOBEL PEACE PRIZE OF 1957: MR. LESTER PEARSON.
The Nobel committee of the Norwegian Parliament announced on October 14 that it had awarded the Nobel Peace Prize of 1957 to Mr. Lester Pearson, of Canada. Mr. Pearson, who is sixty, was Canada's first Minister for External Affairs, a post which he held from 1948 until June this year, when the Liberals lost the Canadian general election. Mr. Pearson played a leading part in founding the North Atlantic Treaty Organisation and was Secretary-General of the N.A.T.O. Lisbon conference in 1952.



A NOTED WOMAN LAWYER : THE LATE MRS. HELENA NORMANTON.

Mrs. Helena Florence Normanton, Q.C., who died on Oct. 14, aged seventy-four, was the first woman to be called to the English Bar, and was one of the first two women to take silk in England (in 1949). She had studied Modern History and French subjects, and was called to the Bar in 1922. She had lectured in Glasgow and London Universities and written books on legal and sociological subjects.



A CALL FOR HIGHER WAR PENSIONS : SIR IAN FRASER, M.P.

A resolution calling for higher pensions for disabled ex-servicemen and for dependants of the fallen was passed unanimously at a large meeting at the Albert Hall on Oct. 20. It was moved by Sir Ian Fraser, M.P., President of the British Legion, who later led a delegation to the Prime Minister.



DURING HIS VISIT TO LONDON FOR A MEDICAL CHECK-UP : SIR ANTHONY EDEN (LEFT) BEING GREETED BY THE PRIME MINISTER.

During his two-day stay in London for a medical check-up after his operation last April, Sir Anthony Eden was visited at the Earl of Scarbrough's residence in St. James's Palace by the Prime Minister, Mr. Macmillan, who succeeded Sir Anthony early this year. Sir Anthony's recovery is continuing but not yet complete.



APPOINTED THE FIRST G. M. TREVELyan LECTURER : DR. A. L. ROWSE.

It was announced at Cambridge on Oct. 16 that Dr. A. L. Rowse, Fellow of All Souls College, Oxford, has been appointed the first G. M. Trevelyan Lecturer. The date and subject of Dr. Rowse's lectures have not yet been announced. These lectures, in honour of Dr. Trevelyan, O.M., will be a biennial series.



DURING RADIO-ACTIVITY TESTS AT WINDSCALE: A HELICOPTER HOVERING ABOVE THE HIGH CHIMNEY OF THE NO. 1 PILE.

The committee appointed to inquire into the accident at the Windscale Atomic Plant in Cumberland, where the No. 1 nuclear reactor became overheated on October 11, are carrying out urgent investigations. On October 17 Sir William Penney, Director of the Atomic Weapons Research Establishment, who is head of the committee, closed the No. 2 pile at Windscale to further investigations. On October 19 a *Whirlwind* helicopter was flown over the 445-ft.-high chimney of the No. 1 pile while a scientist made radio-activity tests. On the following day two scientists, clad in protective clothing and

masks, ascended the lift shaft to the top of the chimney of the damaged reactor to test the level of residual radiation in the area of the filters which prevented the escape of most of the radio-active material from the pile. At the time of writing the distribution of milk in a 200-square-mile area is still suspended and it is not known when the ban will be relaxed. It is reported that, irrespective of the accident, the two Windscale reactors were to have been taken out of commission within a year or so, and it has now been confirmed that the damaged reactor is likely to be written off.

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD.

THE GROWTH OF MIDDLE EASTERN TENSION.

By CYRIL FALLS,

Sometime Chichele Professor of the History of War, Oxford.

THE word "alarm," often over-used, is in no sense exaggerated to describe the feelings aroused by what is happening and what is being said on, and either side of, the Turkish-Syrian frontier. A bad situation has further deteriorated. A stage has been reached at which grave threats of intervention have been made by Russia in the event of war between Turkey and Syria. The United States has replied in effect that, should Russia take part in an attack on Turkey, American action would not be limited to aid to a N.A.T.O. ally. The Soviet Foreign Minister has accused the United States of pressing Turkey to invade Syria. The whole atmosphere has become charged with a baleful electricity. The world has grown accustomed to tremors, but has not for some time felt any more ominous.

At the time of writing the state of affairs is as follows. On October 16 the Russian Foreign Minister, Mr. Gromyko, urged member States of the United Nations to afford Syria "armed assistance necessary to put a stop to aggression," should Turkey attack her. He used language of a violence uncommon even in the mouths of Russian spokesmen on such occasions. He accused the United States of prodding Turkey to launch an attack and to carry it through with such speed as to confront the United Nations with a *fait accompli*. The conflict, he said, might break out at a moment's notice; the Turkish General Staff and its American advisers had drawn up detailed plans for an invasion of Syria.

On the same day Syria requested that her complaint of the threats to her security should be brought before the General Assembly and that a commission should be set up to investigate the situation on the frontier. A memorandum accompanying this request spoke of a veritable military threat and stated that the dispositions of the Turkish forces on the frontier presaged an imminent offensive. It said that the slogan "To Aleppo!" had been issued to these troops and was being constantly repeated by them. Meanwhile, the Middle East News Agency reported that the Turkish concentrations were "extremely large," and included about 200 tanks. It may be said at once of this last pronouncement that there seems no reason to doubt its truth and that it is not unexpected.

The 16th was also the date of the first Press conference held by Mr. Dulles for many weeks. He made it clear that the United States might also raise the question of the situation in the Middle East in the General Assembly. He issued a warning that if Russia attacked Turkey the United States would not regard the territory of the Soviet Union as "a privileged sanctuary"—the phrase was coined by General MacArthur with reference to the territory beyond the Yalu in the Korean War. He suggested that something more serious might be in preparation behind the smoke-screen of propaganda, a familiar form of Russian strategy. Asked whether we were on the brink of war, he answered that the world had always been on the brink of war somewhere and that failure to recognise the fact had often led to disaster.

Let us look at the sentiments on both sides as objectively as possible. Turkey cannot fear an attack from Syria alone, or from Syria supported by the Egyptian forces which have recently arrived in the country. The fact that large quantities of arms provided by Russia or shipped on Russian account are now in the hands of both Syrians and Egyptians somewhat increases the danger but does not render it formidable. If, however, Russia were to intervene on the plea that Syria had been attacked, it would be a different matter.

Syria may be honestly scared. Such a view may be held without belief on the part of the holder that her policy can be justified. It is even conceivable that the Government, and still more other parties, would be glad to be out of their present pickle and to see the backs of the Russian specialists, who are estimated to number over 100. Russia may just possibly—though one would have thought it most unlikely—believe in the likelihood of a Turkish attack on Syria. I am making the best case I can for that side.

If we look at the situation, still candidly, but on more general features, we note that there has been a piling-up of arms in an explosive region, and that on either side the countries producing modern arms have taken part in it. Here there appears another factor incidental to Syrian-Turkish hostility. Both Syria and Egypt are afraid of Israel, and the United States, Britain and France have in the past considered it reasonable that Israel's Arab neighbours should receive *some* arms in the circumstances. In Israel's invasion of Sinai she captured from the Egyptians both Russian and British arms and equipment, and a useful quantity of both. She had obtained more directly, and, not long before the invasion, some of good quality from the French.

It has also been the case that Russia and the leading States in the Western camp have been playing "power politics" in the Middle East. (I expect this sentence to be picked out of its context.) International politics always and inevitably become "power politics" when interests are strong and are subjected to attack. Now, having made some points in favour of the other side and criticized ours, I conclude that the chief sinner has been, not Syria, but Russia. Using threats of a brutality rarely known even in Stalin's day, and cloathing them in words as brutal as the meaning, Russia, if anyone, has brought about the danger of war which she now professes she desires to avoid. She has also been the primary agent in the arms race, so far as that has occurred.

What is the remedy? Well, one answer is obvious and everyone who has studied the subject for five minutes has already thought of it. It is to put an end to the supply of arms, certainly of heavy arms, to all the countries concerned, for the time being. It would not be a complete remedy—far from it. There are a lot of arms now in the Middle East and the whereabouts of some of them is unknown. Besides, Turkey is largely a Mediterranean, and in part even a European, State. She is an important member of N.A.T.O. In the present circumstances it would be out of the question to deprive her of the arms and equipment needed to maintain her army in good trim. Possibly for good reason, the United States spokesmen have revealed very little in the way of detail of what is known about doings within the Syrian frontier. On Russia's side the business appears more than the traditional war of nerves. There is an unusual passion in the approach to it. For both these reasons it must be taken seriously, though on the face of it the whole thing looks wordy and of second-rate importance.

A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS.

THE BAYEUX TAPESTRY.

A Review by FRANK DAVIS.

I SUPPOSE that the first historical date to penetrate the skulls of small boys and girls in these islands is 1066. We learnt how Duke William landed at Pevensey, how Harold fell at Hastings with an arrow in his eye and how the whole story was illustrated in the Bayeux Tapestry by Queen Matilda. We discovered a little later that the Tapestry is not a tapestry at all but an embroidery, that the death of Harold by means of an arrow is a misreading of the final scene, and that the old notion of Queen Matilda sitting like Penelope at her loom is mere romance. We now have, in a long awaited and splendidly illustrated Phaidon volume,* the complete story of this unique historical document related by a team of experts. Its origin, its vicissitudes, its material structure, its importance, both artistic and historical, are all examined in detail and the series of plates, seventy-three of them covering the whole length of 230 ft., are explained in a lively running commentary.

It is now generally accepted that the Tapestry—for we must obviously still call it by its traditional name—was designed and embroidered at Canterbury to the order of Odo, Bishop of Bayeux, Duke William's half-brother, within a few years of the Battle of Hastings. It gives special prominence to the Bishop and to the relics preserved at his church at Bayeux upon which Harold swore an oath to support William. Before that the Tapestry shows that Harold was already bound to the Duke by other obligations. The Duke had rescued him from captivity, had been his host, and had "given him arms"—by accepting them Harold, by feudal custom, had become the Duke's vassal. Harold, in short, is presented as unfaithful and treacherous and finally doomed because he was false to his oath. History is normally written by the conquerors, who are not particularly interested in the point of view of the conquered, and the masterful Bishop of Bayeux, who was the greatest man in the kingdom until he fell from favour in 1082, would naturally insist that his own version of events should be commemorated in the record designed for his own church. But while we need not take every detail of the story as gospel, the Tapestry remains as supremely important evidence of what we may perhaps describe as the "official" Norman version.

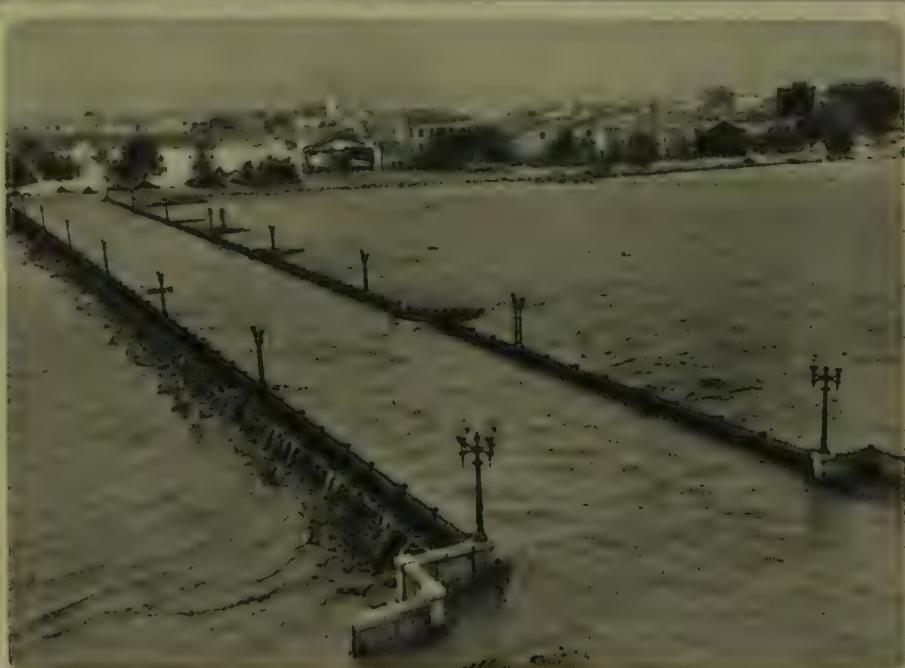
What is truly remarkable is that nowhere is Harold treated with anything but dignity; the work may be propaganda, designed to display the power and reputation of William, but Harold remains a gallant though tragic figure. "If," writes Sir Frank Stenton, who contributes the introductory essay, "the downfall of a hero who has broken an oath taken on the relics of Bayeux is regarded as the central theme of the Tapestry, it becomes at once a work of more significance than a succession of exciting episodes or even a pictorial narrative of a stretch of history. The magnanimity with which Harold is always treated—a quality which adds moral distinction to the artistic merit of the design—is natural in a work inspired by this purpose. The greater the hero who has forsaken himself, the more impressive becomes the vengeance that has brought him to ruin." As the late Sir Eric Maclagan put it, "It is not as a Judas that Harold fills the stage, though perhaps as a Macbeth; a brave man led astray by ambition into disloyalty." It may be that to his contemporaries Harold's alleged faithlessness to his overlord was a worse fault than the oath-breaking, but we can hardly expect the Bishop, in ordering a work which he intended to hang up in his cathedral for the edification of his flock for many years to come, to emphasise that particular point; to him his relics would be of overwhelming importance.

Obviously, one can argue for ever about the exact circumstances by which Harold found himself in so terribly difficult a position. What we can be certain of is that the Tapestry is the only piece of narrative needlework surviving from the early Middle Ages and that nothing exists that can easily be compared with it. How nearly it was wholly destroyed is told by Mlle. Simone Bertrand, Keeper of the Tapestry for many years past. The first document to mention it is an inventory of the Church Treasures of 1476, when it is described as "a very long and very narrow strip of linen, embroidered with figures and inscriptions representing the Conquest of England, which is hung round the nave of the Church on the Feast of Relics and throughout the Octave." There is no further reference to it until 1724. Then in 1792, during the enthusiasm of the Revolution, when volunteers were called for to save the country, it was discovered that the Bayeux contingent had no covering for their wagons. Someone thought of the old embroidered strip in the Cathedral, which was taken out of its case and put across a wagon about to leave for the camp at Meaux. Luckily one man kept his head and deserves to be remembered with gratitude—M. Lambert Léonard-Leforestier, a local lawyer. He rushed out, harangued the mob and rescued the Tapestry. After the Terror—that is, by 1794—the Government appointed committees in the various regions to safeguard the national treasures; just in time, it would appear, to prevent the Tapestry from being cut in pieces to decorate a float on the occasion of a public holiday. From then on its importance was recognised by everyone, including Napoleon, who, as first Consul in 1803, had it brought to Paris. There it was placed on exhibition. It was returned to Bayeux the following year and was not seen in Paris again until it was exhibited at the Louvre in 1944.

It is interesting to note that the Germans, no less than Napoleon, were intrigued by this ancient record of a successful invasion of England and had it studied by four experts during the summer of 1941, but no trace has been found of the photographs and drawings made by them. To-day it is exhibited in a permanent gallery, lit in a special way to prevent the colours fading, on the first floor of the former Bishop's Palace, facing the Cathedral. As to its aesthetic qualities as distinct from its historical interest, Mr. Digby, who contributes the chapter on Technique and Production, sums up as follows: "It is not a sophisticated court production, for it is worked in wools on linen, and not in silks and gold thread. . . . It was designed to tell a story to a largely illiterate public; it is like a strip cartoon, racy, emphatic, colourful, with a good deal of blood and thunder and some ribaldry. But it is also very exact in detail, full of contemporary life, and it shows an artist's imagination which seizes on essentials and has the power of transmitting them over the centuries. Looking at the Bayeux Tapestry to-day one may be tempted to smile at the intensity of the feeling and the naïveté of its expression, but the smile is soon wrapped in admiration for the art which conveys so much emotion and so much drama . . . it is colloquial where others are courtly, large and outspoken where they are fine and delicate."

* "The Bayeux Tapestry." A Comprehensive Survey edited by Sir Frank Stenton. With 150 illustrations, including fourteen in full colour. (Phaidon Press; 47s. 6d.)

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD—I.



SPAIN. WHERE SERIOUS LOSS OF LIFE AND DAMAGE HAVE BEEN CAUSED BY FLOODS: VALENCIA, A BRIDGE SUBMERGED BY THE RIVER TURIA.



SPAIN. AFTER THE FLOODS HAD BEGUN TO RECEDERE: STRANDED CARS IN DEEP WATER IN ONE OF VALENCIA'S MAIN STREETS.

On October 14 torrential rain caused the River Turia to overflow its banks at Valencia and nearby. At least sixty people were drowned, many were made homeless and damage estimated in millions of pounds was caused. The town was in the throes of Asian flu at the time. A number of British tourists were stranded by the flood and were brought home by B.E.A.



CANADA. A VIEW OF THE ALASKA HIGHWAY BRIDGE NEAR TAYLOR, BRITISH COLUMBIA, BEFORE ITS PARTIAL COLLAPSE, ILLUSTRATED TO THE RIGHT.



CANADA. A GAP IN THE 1500-MILE ALASKA HIGHWAY: THE BROKEN NORTHERN SPAN OF THE BRIDGE OVER PEACE RIVER IN BRITISH COLUMBIA.

On October 16 the north span of the 2200-ft.-long Dufferin suspension bridge over Peace River in British Columbia collapsed, thus causing a break in the great highway which links the United States with Alaska. The incident occurred after one of the huge anchors securing the suspension cables slipped from its position.



TANGANYIKA. AT THE CEREMONY AT WHICH HE WAS INSTALLED AS SPIRITUAL HEAD OF THE ISMAILI MOSLEMS: THE AGA KHAN BEING GREETED BY LARGE CROWDS.



TANGANYIKA. BEFORE HIS INSTALLATION AS SPIRITUAL HEAD OF THE WORLD COMMUNITY OF ISMAILI MOSLEMS: THE AGA KHAN IN JAMATKHANA MOSQUE, DAR-ES-SALAAM. The young Aga Khan was installed as Imam, the spiritual head of the world-wide Ismaili Moslem community, at a ceremony at Dar-es-Salaam, Tanganyika, on Oct. 19. The ceremony was attended by large crowds. Among the British guests was the Secretary of State for the Colonies. The Aga Khan had earlier attended a special service at Jamatkhana Mosque.

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD—II.



KANGEMA, KENYA. MR. LENNOX-BOYD, SECRETARY OF STATE FOR THE COLONIES, TALKING TO MAU MAU DETAINEES DURING A VISIT TO KANGEMA WORKS CAMP. During the week October 11-18, Mr. Lennox-Boyd, Secretary of State for the Colonies, was in Kenya for constitutional talks with representatives of various communities. These talks, it was announced on Oct. 18, had reached deadlock. During the week he visited Kangema.



BELGIUM. KING BAUDOUIN OF THE BELGIANS (CENTRE, WEARING GLASSES) EMBRACING HIS HALF-BROTHER, PRINCE ALEXANDRE, ON HIS RETURN. On October 18 ex-King Leopold (who is standing left in the photograph) and



MARKEN, THE NETHERLANDS. LINKING THE ISLAND OF MARKEN WITH THE DUTCH MAINLAND: ENGINEERS (RIGHT CENTRE) PLANTING THE FLAG ON THE NEW DIKE.

On Oct. 17 Marken, the last remaining island in the former Zuider Zee and a picturesque tourist place, was linked by dike with the mainland. The greater part of Marken's population is no longer picturesque fishermen but daily workers in Amsterdam—a principal reason for the dike.



PLESSIS-CHENET, FRANCE. MME. FRANCOISE SAGAN, THE NOVELIST (CENTRE), EXAMINING THE WRECKAGE OF HER CAR DURING A RECONSTRUCTION OF THE ACCIDENT IN WHICH SHE NEARLY LOST HER LIFE IN APRIL THIS YEAR. MME. SAGAN ACHIEVED WORLD-WIDE FAME WITH HER NOVEL "BONJOUR, TRISTESSE."



NEW YORK CITY, U.S.A. "A LITTLE PARTY FOR A FEW CHUMS": A GENERAL VIEW OF THE PARTY

GIVEN FOR 18,000 GUESTS BY MR. MIKE TODD. On October 17 at Madison Square Garden, in New York, Mr. Mike Todd, the film producer, gave a party for 18,000 guests to mark the anniversary of the première of his film "Around the World in Eighty Days." Prominent in this scene is the balloon.



(Left.) PARIS. THE SWEDISH AMBASSADOR TO FRANCE (LEFT) ANNOUNCING TO M. ALBERT CAMUS THAT HE WAS THIS YEAR'S WINNER OF THE NOBEL PRIZE FOR LITERATURE.

M. Camus, the ninth French author to receive the Nobel Prize for Literature and the youngest (he is forty-four) since Kipling won it in 1907 when he was forty-two, is perhaps best known in this country for his novels "The Plague" and "The Fall." He was born in Algeria of humble parents, and after a variety of menial jobs, graduated via journalism to literature.



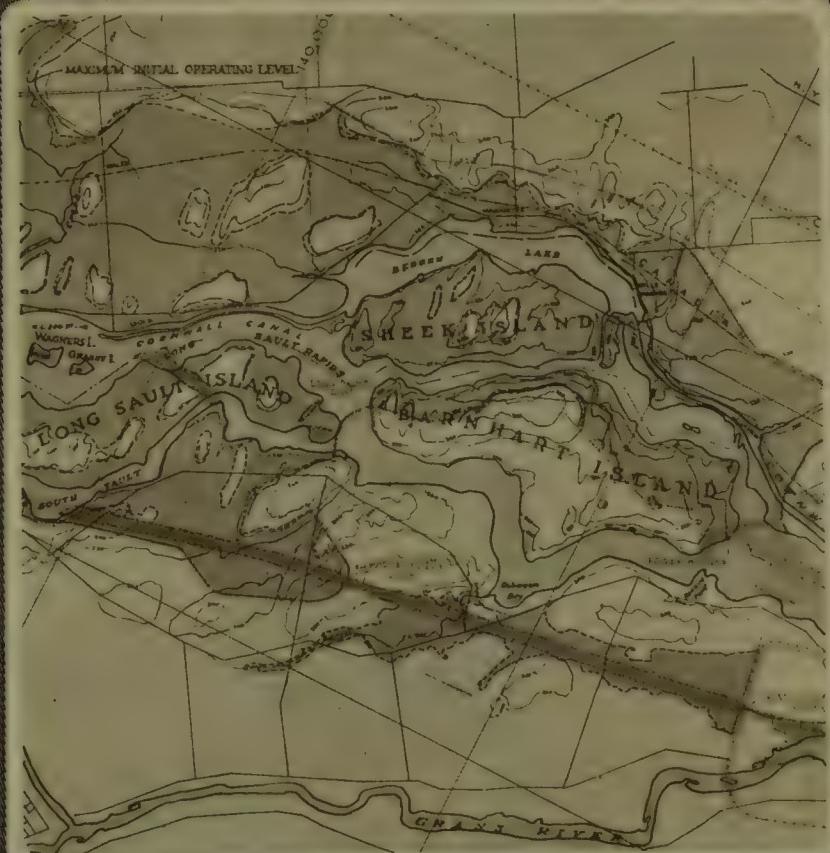
130 MILES ABOVE THE EARTH. A DOG, WEARING A PRESSURE SUIT AND AUTOMATICALLY PHOTOGRAPHED IN A SEALED GLOBE, ROCKETED INTO OUTER SPACE.

According to Russian sources, this dog was launched by rocket into outer space and automatically photographed at the stated height. The dog is said to have returned to earth by parachute and to be in good physical condition.

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD—III.



THE ST. LAWRENCE SEAWAY, CANADA. AN AERIAL VIEW OF A MODEL OF THE HYDRO-ELECTRIC DAM (RIGHT) AND TWO LOCKS—GRASS RIVER LOCK (LEFT FOREGROUND) AND THE DWIGHT D. EISENHOWER LOCK (UPPER LEFT)—BEING BUILT ON THE ST. LAWRENCE SEAWAY. IN THE CENTRE IS THE LONG SAULT DAM.



A CHART OF THE PROJECTS SHOWN IN THE MODEL SEEN IN THE ILLUSTRATION AT THE TOP OF THE PAGE.



AN AERIAL VIEW OF PART OF LONG SAULT ISLAND. IN THE BACKGROUND CAN BE SEEN A SECTION OF LONG SAULT DAM NOW UNDER CONSTRUCTION.

The opening in 1959 of the great new St. Lawrence Seaway, between the Port of Montreal and Lake Erie, will be an important event in the history of Canada and of the United States, and her Majesty the Queen is hoping to be present for the occasion. The new channel which is now being prepared will enable large ships to sail from the Atlantic to the Great Lakes and the heart of the North American continent, a possible total distance of over 2000 miles. From the ocean to the last of the Great Lakes, Lake Superior, there is an increase in water-level of some

600 ft. Besides the new channel, which will take ships of up to 27-ft. draught, a hydro-electric power station, supplying both Canada and the United States, is being built in the St. Lawrence Basin. Both the power station and the seaway are joint American-Canadian projects, and will be of great benefit to both nations, but most of the work on the seaway is being done by Canada. Work was begun three years ago and the opening in 1959 will mark the realisation of an idea which was first dreamt of in the sixteenth century.

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD—IV.



PARIS. DURING THE POWER AND GAS STRIKE: PEOPLE QUEUEING FOR BUSES IN THE RUE ST LAZARE DURING THE EVENING RUSH HOUR ON OCTOBER 16.



PARIS. AT NOON ON OCTOBER 16: A SCENE IN THE PLACE DE LA CONCORDE DURING THE STRIKE WHICH PREVENTED THE TRAFFIC LIGHTS WORKING.
The national strike in the gas and electricity industries on October 16 disorganized life in France more thoroughly than any strike since the war. Industry, electric trains, including the Paris Métro, traffic lights and many services were brought to a standstill or severely affected. Huge traffic jams formed in Paris.



SPERLONGA, ITALY. THE GROTTO AT SPERLONGA, WHERE A VAST QUANTITY OF STATUARY HAS BEEN FOUND, WITH (FOREGROUND) THE BARRICADE BUILT BY THE VILLAGERS.



SPERLONGA, ITALY. CONTINUING THE EXCAVATIONS OF THE GREAT GROTTO AT SPERLONGA, WHICH, AS THE PHOTOGRAPH SHOWS, LOOKS OUT TO SEA.
Elsewhere in this issue we describe the recent discovery of vast quantities of fragments of Greek statuary in the "grotto of Tiberius" at Sperlonga, between Gaeta and Terracina, believed at first to include a Laocoön group. The local population has protested at the removal of the finds and has dug ditches and erected barricades with the object of preventing the approach of heavy lorries to remove the sculptures.



WASHINGTON, U.S.A. OUTSIDE THE WHITE HOUSE ON PRESIDENT EISENHOWER'S SIXTY-SEVENTH BIRTHDAY: THE PRESIDENT, WITH MEMBERS OF HIS FAMILY, BESIDE AN IMMENSE BIRTHDAY CAKE. On October 14 President Eisenhower celebrated his sixty-seventh birthday and received many messages of greetings from all over the world. In this photograph the President is seen with his wife, daughter-in-law, and four grandchildren standing beside a huge birthday cake which had been presented to him.



YUGOSLAVIA. DURING THE SOVIET DEFENCE MINISTER'S OFFICIAL VISIT TO YUGOSLAVIA: MARSHAL ZHUKOV (RIGHT) WITH PRESIDENT TITO AND HIS WIFE AT A RECEPTION. On October 8 Marshal Zhukov, the Soviet Defence Minister, started an eight-day official visit to Yugoslavia, but he did not meet President Tito until October 13, when, after lunching with the President and his wife, he joined his host on a hunting expedition at Kaminska Bistrica. On the previous day he had attended military exercises.

AN IMMENSE FIND OF GREEK STATUARY—PERHAPS BY THE SCULPTORS OF LAOCOON.



FIG. 1. A MAGNIFICENT TORSO OF A YOUTH, ONE OF THE GREAT NUMBER OF PIECES OF STATUARY RECENTLY DISCOVERED IN THE GROTTO AT SPERLONGA, BETWEEN TERRACINA AND GAETA.



FIG. 2. A HAND (IN HELLENISTIC STYLE) GRASPING A SMALL STATUE (IN ARCHAIC STYLE): PERHAPS FROM A GROUP REPRESENTING THE THEFT OF THE PALLADIUM OF TROY BY ULYSSES AND DIOMEDES.



FIG. 3. THE TORSO OF A YOUTH WITH THE LEFT LEG RAISED. THIS COULD POSSIBLY BE A FIGURE FROM AN UNKNOWN VERSION OF THE STORY OF LAOCOON.



FIG. 4. AT WORK IN THE PISCINA, OR FORMAL POOL, IN "TIBERIUS' GROTTO" AT SPERLONGA, WHERE A VAST QUANTITY OF STATUARY HAS BEEN FOUND.



FIG. 5. THE HEAD OF A BEARDED MAN WEARING A CONICAL HAT. THIS IS NOT UNLIKE THE HEAD OF THE VATICAN LAOCOON, BUT PROFESSOR JACOPI SUGGESTS IT MAY PERHAPS REPRESENT ULYSSES IN SOME GROUP ILLUSTRATING THE STORY OF TROY.



FIG. 6. A MOST IMPORTANT INSCRIPTION FOUND IN THE GROTTO. IT GIVES THREE NAMES (SET OUT IN THE TEXT BELOW) WHICH AGREE WITH PLINY'S LIST OF THE LAOCOON SCULPTORS.



FIG. 7. FRAGMENTS OF A COLOSSAL FIGURE (ESTIMATED HEIGHT, 19 FT. 8 INS.): TWO HANDS AND A MOST UNUSUAL HAIRY FOOT.



FIG. 8. PROFESSOR G. JACOPI, DIRECTOR OF THE SPERLONGA EXCAVATIONS (CENTRE), EXAMINING A COLOSSAL LEG (TEMPORARILY PUT TOGETHER) AND HAND. THE EXTREME HEIGHT OF THE VATICAN LAOCOON IS 7 FT. 11½ INS.

In our issue of October 5 we briefly reported the discovery in a grotto at Sperlonga (on the Italian coast between Terracina and Gaeta) of an immense quantity of statuary which was then believed to be the original version of the Laocoon group in the Vatican. We have since received photographs of some of the discoveries from Professor Giulio Jacopi, Superintendent of Antiquities, Rome 1, and director of the excavations, and we reproduce the most interesting and striking above. Of the pieces yet published none seems clearly to be identified with the Vatican Laocoon, but since they do include fragments of a serpent and of youthful figures, it may possibly be that here we have another version of the Laocoon story. At the time of writing, the number of fragments found was said to have reached more

than 1200; and of these, among the most interesting form the inscription of Fig. 6, which reads: "Athanodoros (son) of Agesander, Age(sa)nder (son) of (Pha)nia, and (Poli)doros (son) of (Polid)oros." These names are the same as the three Rhodian sculptors mentioned by Pliny as the makers of the famous Laocoon statue set in the House of Titus—where, incidentally, the Vatican Laocoon was first found in Michelangelo's time. This inscription therefore does strongly link the discovery with the Laocoon group, but there is no reason for supposing that these distinguished sculptors did no other work. It is now suggested that this grotto, where traditionally the Prefect Seianus saved the Emperor Tiberius from a fall of rock, contains the fragments of perhaps several groups illustrating the story of Troy.

IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN.

QUINCES.

By CLARENCE ELLIOTT, V.M.H.

THERE are times when I feel very strongly that The Botanists—with a capital B—are a public nuisance, with their infuriating habit of forever changing the official Latin names of the plants we grow in our gardens. Goodness knows we are already faced with an appalling multiplicity of plant names, which we do our best to learn, memorise, and use correctly, without the Powers of the botanical world playing an endless game of general post with these names, and leaving many of our well-tried favourites with a whole string of aliases or synonyms to choose from. To-day it's a wise plant which knows its own name. The Botanists have, of course, formulated a code which governs the naming and the re-naming of plant species. It is a beautiful code, and deadly logical. And that is the snag. It is so logical that in common-or-garden practice it does not work. The confusion and exasperation caused even among highly intelligent gardeners is lamentable. And how, even with the best will in the world, are gardeners to keep abreast of these alterations, and ahead of the confusions involved? One may keep one's garden library up to date, with the best and most authoritative horticultural works, only to find after a few years, or even months, that according to The Code they are hopelessly out of date and incorrect in many of the plant names they use.

When I was a very small boy I adored a shrub which was trained to a wall in our garden, which had the heaven-sent gift of producing flowers which looked like bright red apple blossoms. It did this, on and off, during winter and early spring. We called it "japonica." A little later I learned that its full title and superscription was *Pyrus japonica*. But I only paraded this newly-acquired erudition occasionally, by way of showing off. For years it remained just "japonica," and japonica it has remained at the back of my mind ever since, and japonica it still is to an enormously wide circle of honest gardeners. But later, an edict went forth that our old favourite was not a *pyrus* at all. Henceforth its name was to be *Cydonia*. *Cydonia japonica*. This was a shock, and a great bore, but in the course of time a fair sprinkling of gardeners got used to speaking of "*Cydonia japonica*"—you know, the old *Pyrus*, or *japonica*." Later still—it was not so very long ago—The Botanists, in roguish mood again, decided that, according to their code, *Cydonia japonica* was no longer valid as a name for our old favourite. Henceforth, this unfortunate scrap of vegetation's correct title was to be *Cydonia lagenaria*. But even that was not the end of it all. Certain more recent authors split the old genus *Cydonia* into two, viz., *Cydonia* proper, and *Chænoneles*. *Cydonia* they reduced to one species only, the common quince, *Cydonia oblonga* or *vulgaris*, and the various species of *Chænoneles*.

Thus our old friend "japonica," or *Cydonia japonica*, becomes *Chænoneles lagenaria*, whilst the dwarfish species with light red flowers (red with a slight flush of yellow in it) which became so well known and popular as *Cydonia maulei*, must now be called *Chænoneles japonica*. A third species which is not nearly so well known is *Chænoneles cathayensis*. A fourth species, *C. sinensis*, is apparently not too hardy or happy in this country.

Of the old "japonica," *C. lagenaria*, there are a dozen or so distinct named varieties—scarlet, crimson, white, rose, yellowish-white, double deep red, and so on. Lovely things all of them, which deserve to be more grown than they are. The species known formerly as *C. maulei*, now *C. japonica*, is worth growing for the sake of its yellow fruits almost as much as for its myriads of flowers. The shrub grows 3 to 4 ft. high, and carries tremendous crops of golden-yellow fruits, which, when ripe, have a powerful fragrance. Although too astringent to eat raw, they make excellent jelly, or, like the common quince, may be used for flavouring apple pie.

Chænoneles cathayensis is a shrub which one seldom meets in gardens, perhaps because its white flowers can not compete for show and beauty with those of the other species and their varieties. I had a specimen in my garden at Stevenage, in Hertfordshire, which grew to a height of 8 or 9 ft., with a forest of stout, erect main stems, armed at close intervals with long murderous spines of needle-sharpness. In addition there were spiny side branches, which carried the quite attractive flowers and enormous fruits like those of the other "japonicas" on a gigantic scale. I can imagine that this shrub would make a useful hedge, formidable and quite impenetrable by anything less than a charging rhino or elephant, and to raise a stock for this purpose should be easy, for the fruits are provided with a large central cavity literally packed with pips, which germinate freely.

I can strongly recommend the raising of Cydonias—or, if you prefer it, *Chænoneles*—from seeds—or pips. The beautiful named varieties could not be counted upon to breed true to their seed parents, but it would be difficult to imagine any seedling in the race being anything but beautiful, and always there would be the chance of some quite outstandingly splendid variety turning up. I have a seedling growing in my present garden which I raised from a pip some twenty-five years ago. It now stands a good 7 ft. tall, and must be almost twice that in diameter. It flowers each spring like a mad thing, a lovely sight, and it usually carries a tremendous crop of fruit. Last year it had an exceptionally big crop of huge, quince-like fruits, most of them rather larger than a big man's fist. They lay upon the ground under the bush so thickly as to be almost touching one another, a handsome golden mosaic. A few were used domestically, but most of them lay there all winter until time and frost had mellowed them sufficiently for the birds to eat them.

The common quince (*Cydonia vulgaris*) is well worth growing, not only for the sake of its fruit, but as an ornamental tree, for the white or pink blossoms carried all along the upper sides of the spreading branches are most attractive, and the tree itself has a sturdy, rugged picturesqueness which makes it a fine object when grown as an isolated specimen in lawn. There are several varieties to choose from. The one which I grew at Stevenage was the Serbian quince, known as "Vranja." It flowered and fruited well, and the big yellow quinces were deliciously fragrant.

In any but a very small garden it is well worth having a quince tree. Quince jelly is so very good, and so, too, is apple pie flavoured with quince—and drenched with cream. But how the ripe fruits do smell if kept in a warm unventilated room. I remember once taking half a dozen ripe quinces to London to give to a friend who had a passion for the fruit. I took them to his office, and, finding him away for a few days, left them on his desk. It was warm autumn weather at the time, and the office windows were closed. The atmosphere when my friend returned, was, I understand, only equalled by his language.

THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.

BIRDS FEAR THE EVIL EYE.

By MAURICE BURTON, D.Sc.

IN a letter, dealing mainly with his own observations on the sun-bathing of a pair of little owls in India, Lieut.-Colonel A. G. Bates comments on another feature of their behaviour. The owls would sun-bathe spread-eagled on the moist earth in some tubs in which shrubs were growing. "These little owls lived in the bungalow roof above the false ceiling. In the afternoon this space must have become very hot. When flushed from the cool tubs by my arrival they would retreat to the back of the verandah, and take station in some rafter there. Here they would remain, while my wife and I had our tea, some 5 ft. above our heads. Conversation or movement would not disturb them. But they could not stand being stared at. You could look at them out of the corner of your eye with impunity, but to gaze always produced the same reactions. Immediately, the pupils of the owls' eyes appeared to dilate and they were off within three seconds. They knew you were looking at them and disliked the attention."

There is no question of the truth of this last sentence. Birds do not like being stared at, and in this way they do not differ from mammals, or, for that matter, ourselves. It is well-established by those experienced in these matters that it is possible to get much nearer a wild bird by keeping one's eyes averted than by keeping one's eyes on the bird when approaching it. Even the lens of a camera is disturbing to wild birds: it is the Evil Eye; which is why, when using a hide for photography, the trick is employed of fixing the base of a bottle in the place where the camera lens will be, so that the birds may become accustomed to it. This leads to another point: that in hand-tamed birds, fixated on human beings, the eye contains no menace. This introduces us to the contradiction, so familiar to us in everyday life, that the stare of the stranger may be disconcerting, while the gaze of one whom we know from experience to be well-disposed towards us is pleasurable, comfortable and reassuring. In addition to this it is an instrument and a symbol associated with a social hierarchy. The dominant person can more readily tolerate being stared at than one socially subordinate. In this statement social dominance or subordination is not taken to be the superiority bestowed by the accident of birth, although this may sometimes be operative. Social dominance here implies the superiority derived from training, strength of character, a clear conscience and the like.

The eye is primarily the organ of sight. In the lower animals it is that and no more. At higher levels of organisation it is apt to be the chief sense used in following prey at close quarters. Conversely, therefore, to the hunted animal the eye is the most obvious sign that the attention of a predator is fixed upon it. Presumably those most readily alarmed by the appearance or presence of an eye, or a pair of eyes, stand the best chance of survival and, following the accepted laws of natural selection, are the most likely to pass on this character to their offspring. Most higher animals will therefore have been selected out for this character. In the relationship between predator and prey, the predator is in a position of dominance, the prey in a position of subordination.

Within a species itself where contest, whether by bluff or actual fighting, determines possession of a territory, or of a mate, or even the best share of available food, it may be reasonably assumed that the interplay between two individuals of that species in any of these situations resembles that between prey and predator, but is less intense. It is more nearly like the interplay of the eyes in human situations. Moreover, all three probably have their roots in the general history of the animal kingdom as a whole.

Such speculations are apt to lead us into somewhat troubled waters and they can at best be dealt with but sparingly within the space available here. They do seem, even so, to be connected with the episode of the little owls, with which we started; and they do recall another vexed question—namely, the value of eye-spots in the ornamentation of certain animals, notably among insects. Typical examples are the peacock butterfly and the eyed hawk moth.

The eyed hawk moth rests motionless by day on tree-trunks, its colour closely matching the bark. If disturbed by a sharp tap on the bark, it suddenly spreads its wings, exposing, on the hind wings, a pattern of bold concentric circles, having the appearance of eyes. The peacock butterfly is active and conspicuous by day; but it also, when disturbed, flashes a pair of eye-spots. Experiments recently carried out suggest that such "eyes" have something of the same effect on birds as our looking at them.

Dr. Blest found that birds pecking at a peacock butterfly withdrew when confronted with the eye-spots. He then took the same butterflies and gently brushed off the scales forming the eye-spots. The same butterflies, unaltered except for the loss of the "eyes," then fell a ready prey to the birds that had previously been scared of them. Dr. Blest was not content with this, but pressed his point home with an ingenious device.

He constructed a box to hold two transparencies in the top, which could be illuminated from below. Between the slides a mealworm was placed and a bird allowed to come down to take the mealworm. As it was about to do so, light was switched on in two small electric bulbs inside the box, thus lighting up the transparencies and presenting the bird with patterns of the sort that might occur on butterfly or moth wings.

There is always the risk that in an experiment of this kind the mere artificiality of the proceedings may give a false result. For example, the sudden flashing of a light, however subdued, or, from the bird's point of view, the sudden appearance of the image of an insect where there was none before, might frighten it off the mealworm. In these experiments such does not appear to have been the case. A great variety of patterns was used and these produced different degrees of scaring in the birds. These patterns included crosses, double bars and circles, as well as various kinds of eye-spots. The more nearly the pattern approached the eye-spots seen on the wings of butterflies and moths, with shading and imitation highlights, the more completely were the predacious actions of the birds inhibited.

The generation of naturalists who first suggested that the eye-spot markings on insects and other animals might deter predators simply because they looked like eyes was subjected to considerable criticism, and it became almost old-fashioned to pay heed to them. There is a further point here. The human artist draws a few lines to represent, say, a man, and although these, when looked at critically, lack all but the faintest resemblance to the human form, they do suggest it and the eye accepts it. A bird's eye seems to do something similar.



WHERE SOVIET INFLUENCE IS INCREASING AND THE THREAT TO PEACE GROWS STRONGER: A MAP TO SHOW THE POSITION OF SYRIA AND THE WAY IT LIES ACROSS ALL THE ACTIVE OIL PIPELINES TO THE WEST.

Throughout this year the increasing growth of Soviet influence in Syria, together with the closer *rapprochement* of that country with Egypt, has caused alarm and concern not only to the neighbours of those countries but also to Great Britain, the United States and to the nations of Western Europe generally. The purpose of the map we reproduce above is to illustrate to some degree why this should be so. The economy of Western Europe depends to a very large degree on the supply of oil from Mesopotamia, Persia and the Persian Gulf area. There are three ways this oil can reach Europe: by sea, round the Cape of Good Hope; by sea, through the Suez Canal; and by land pipeline to ports on the eastern Mediterranean littoral. The lesson of Suez—in many forms—is still fresh in all minds; long-distance transport round Africa is only somewhat nearer being a practical proposition; and all the westward oil pipelines which are in action cross Syrian territory. For some years now there has been in existence a project to build a pipeline which should run from the Mosul oilfields, in northern Iraq, through Turkey to the Turkish port of Iskenderon (Alexandretta). This would be a difficult and costly business, but it would ensure that the pipeline ran through the territory of a stable member of N.A.T.O.; and after the Suez crisis, its possibility and desirability have become much stronger. Concurrent with

this development has been the growth of Soviet infiltration in Syria, the increased supply of Russian arms to the country, coupled with the presence of numbers of Russian technical advisers. In June a virtual pro-Communist army dictatorship was established in Syria, followed in August by a purge of anti-Communist elements and the appointment of Colonel Bizri (believed to be a card-carrying Communist) to be C.-in-C. In September, growing concern was felt in America and in London, and the United States began an airlift of military material to Jordan. Colonel Nasser declared his "unconditional support" for Syria and after discussions in Cairo on September 11-12 Colonel Bizri declared that Egyptian and Syrian armies were under a single command. In October began the charges that Turkey was massing troops on the Syrian border, and on October 13 Egypt landed a force in Syria (believed to be of about battalion strength) and declared her support for Syrian charges that Turkey was carrying out "provocative acts." On October 16 the Russian and Syrian delegates at U.N. made violent charges about Turkish threats; and the U.S. warned Russia that she would support Turkey in case of attack. Meanwhile the Labour parties of the N.A.T.O. countries received a letter from Mr. Khrushchev, speaking of the grave situation in the Near and Middle East.

THE CHILDHOOD OF AN ARTIST.

"DRAWN FROM MEMORY." BY ERNEST H. SHEPARD.*

An Appreciation by SIR JOHN SQUIRE.

MEN frequently give us reminiscences of their boyhood, and sometimes they are mistaken in their belief that prolonged descriptions of governesses, gardeners and preparatory school masters will prove as interesting to their readers as they are to themselves. Memories of early childhood are much rarer, especially very vivid ones. For that reason alone Mr. Shepard's happily-named book would be one of the most notable of its kind since Mr. Siegfried Sassoon's "The Old Century" and Sir Laurence Jones's "A Victorian Childhood"—both of which, however, carried their narrators into riper years than Mr. Shepard's, who, born in or about 1880, confines himself to the 'eighties of the last century.

Mr. Shepard has the rare advantage of being able to illustrate his own book, with the accompanying certainty that the illustrations will fit the text as the hand fits the glove. That the illustrations (well over a hundred of them) would be found delightful, even were they not embedded in a text at all, needs scarcely to be said in a country where multitudes of children have loved his illustrations to books by Kenneth Grahame and A. A. Milne, and their elders have, for fifty years, encountered his drawings weekly in *Punch*, with never-failing pleasure. As it is, the book is all of a piece in quality and mood. Mr. Shepard, throughout his life, seems to have been all of a piece too. Every man has a child in him, but often the child is buried so deep in him as not to be perceptible at all. "The world is too much with us; late and soon, Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers," said Wordsworth. That sonnet deserves a commentary. "Late and soon" is one of the worst bits of padding for the sake of a rhyme which was ever resorted to by a great poet (the "sordid boon" which comes later is almost as bad, but he simply couldn't bear to leave "the moon" out) and, to-day, if "we" do the getting, somebody else does the spending. But Wordsworth here, as in his great "Ode: Intimations of Immortality," did apprehend the way in which our fresh young perceptions and joys gradually fade and are overlaid, until eyes, which were perpetually excited by new forms and colours in skies, landscapes, birds, beasts and flowers, are occluded by mental cataract. By the same token, every child has an artist in him, although it is difficult to believe that when one meets the children after they have grown up and become technologists or—well, fill the gap with any professional type you may choose!

Mr. Shepard has retained the finest attributes of childhood into his late seventies: he has never lost touch with his early sensibilities and responses. The man retains the child: the child also foreshadowed the man. There was environment, of course, and heredity. His father was an architect, his mother's father was a water-colour painter, their circle of friends was drawn from the extremely cultivated society of St. John's Wood in those days. But this child was a genius in the way of draughtsmanship. There are several drawings in this book which were done by him when he was seven: one of them, of horses in violent action, might well be diagnosed as the work of a young Delacroix. Happily, he was brought up in sympathetic and prosperous surroundings: had he been the son (which it is unlikely that he would have been) of a purblind plumber he might have been told, "Ere, get rid of them there ideas of yourn about Art. You gotta earn a 'onest livin'." Things did not run that way: when barely of age he was exhibiting at the Royal Academy.

This is a difficult book to write about, simply because the pictures are as important as the text, and because the days of which Mr. Shepard writes are "far away and long ago." Readers of different generations are bound to view it from different angles. Septuagenarians and young octogenarians will exclaim to themselves throughout their perusal: "Oh, yes, I remember the lamplighters, the muffin-men with their bells, the hansom-cabs, the linkboys in the fogs and the ladies' bustles: how it all comes back to me!" Their juniors will probably think: "How odd! I can hardly imagine what it must have been like. It's as remote as the Regency!"

Not so remote to me. I can remember Queen Victoria's first Jubilee, but not in such detail as Mr. Shepard. He paraded the beflagged and illuminated streets of London with his parents. I, a few years younger, can only remember a tall man, to me 8 ft. tall, who was a friend of my parents and leant over me to give me a present of a golden sovereign. "Marvellous!" I thought, believing, alas, that I should be allowed to go out and bust it in the shops. Not a bit of it: it was withdrawn from me and put into a money-box in which I was saving up pounds and pounds for the purchase of a superb railway-engine, brilliant with brass, which had fascinated me in a window. The engine was achieved. The first time I got steam up it exploded: I suppose that I knew nothing about valves, and I am lucky to be writing this now.

Amongst many reasons why I am glad to have survived is that I have lived to read this enchanting book of recollections. Mr. Shepard was a Londoner: I never set eyes on London until I was eighteen-and-three-quarters, on my way to Cambridge for a scholarship examination: the first sight of it I got was the backs of those grim houses leading to Paddington Station: it was rather misty and very cold, and it was raining: when I got to Cambridge it was covered with snow. I thought I was in Hell: but, only a few years before, the young Shepard was living in an age of enchantment and a circle of celebrities.

His book is far from being one of those which might be called "See How Many Celebrities I Can Mention." But, quite naturally, the celebrities come in. "Grandma had a very good voice and used to sing ballads, sometimes at the Crystal Palace, and she knew Arthur Sullivan, and Lizzie [the family nurse] said, 'I always thought that Mr. Sullivan was sweet on your Mamma.' Lizzie had always been fond of the theatre, and . . . [she always spoke of Ellen Terry as 'Miss Ellen,' for the actress had been a friend of Grandma's, and was often at the house. Then there was 'Young Mr. Robertson' (Johnston Forbes-Robertson), who came, too, rather stiff and shy, so Lizzie said.]"

Although I may have shared childhood with Mr. Shepard, I never shared his talent with pen and pencil. He can make a receding line of simple Georgian railings exciting and lovable: he does it often and often again in this delicious book.

* "Drawn from Memory." By Ernest H. Shepard. Illustrated by the Author. (Collins; 21s.)

THE WORLD OF THE THEATRE.

USING THE STAGE.

By J. C. TREWIN.

THE Arts Theatre programme says that the scene of Fritz Hochwälder's play is "the office of the Public Prosecutor of the French Republic in the prison of the Conciergerie." To us it looks very much like a segment of a lion's cage. That, indeed, is what it is. The dangerous lion that prowls in it is Fouquier-Tinville, whom Carlyle called once "ferret-visaged" and "a rat-eyed Incarnation of Attorneyism." When the play was done on television earlier this year, Alan Badel's Prosecutor reminded me more of dangerous panther than of rat. Now it is as a trapped lion that he takes the stage on the last day of the Terror.

Let me explain at once that, in "The Public Prosecutor," this deadly Fouquier-Tinville does not realise until the last ten minutes or so that he is trapped. A man of immense assurance and craft, he has watched the leaders of the Revolution come and go. Now, on an August day in 1794, as the ensanguined cloud of the Terror recedes, he is to be himself brought to the guillotine—forced, unawares, to mass the evidence against himself, to suborn the witnesses, to hone the blade that, in a space of twelve hours, must sever his own neck.

This is, of course, a theatrical invention, but it seems to me to be an invention of great cunning, a drama that Kitty Black has translated sharply, and Alan Badel (as actor and director) has brought to the stage with all imaginable force. (The setting is by Litz Pisk.) To enjoy such a romantic drama as this, you must be prepared—as I suggest many playgoers are—to surrender yourself entirely to a piece of conscious "theatre," one in which everything is larger than life. We know what will happen during that secret trial in the prison of the Conciergerie, and it is exciting to watch the too-confident intriguer as he is borne inexorably to the doom prepared for many others. The cage has closed in on him at last.

This type of drama is alleged to be out of fashion. I hope that is not so; I cannot believe that playgoers with the theatre in their blood can fail to respond to Hochwälder's ingenuity, and to Mr. Badel's bravura performance. Nobody in this play whines modishly; nobody is mocking for mocking's sake. It is simply a voice from the theatre theatrical: a voice to which I am prepared, delightedly, to listen. I shall not forget the sight of Alan Badel's Fouquier-Tinville pinned, helpless, against the walls of the cage while the Judge and the witnesses he has himself selected bring him to retribution in the gloating, silent presence of Theresia Tallien. She is the avenging "Madonna of the August rebellion." "You shall have your quick reward," she has promised Fouquier-Tinville, "and the reign of terror shall come to an end." It does; but first, for Fouquier, come the tumbril, the guillotine, the lime-pits.

The required reading here is Carlyle, though the figures we see on the Arts Theatre stage are hardly his. Still, it is good, as we watch, to remember that Tallien, who now leads the Government that revolted against the Terror, is Carlyle's "Pluto on Earth [with] the keys of Tartarus," and that Theresia, who wields power through him, is the "brown beautiful woman" who "like a new Proserpine . . . by this red gloomy Dis is gathered." As for Fouquier-Tinville, he is the subject of the apostrophe that begins "Remarkable Fouquier; once but as other Attorneys and Law-beagles which hunt ravenous on this Earth . . ."

His end was by no means as sudden as Hochwälder has decided. It was ten months after the revolution that deposed Robespierre before Fouquier went to his doom, the man who had been accustomed to take his victims in "batches," now protesting that he acted by order, but pleading in vain. "Fouquier died hard enough," Carlyle records. "'Where are thy Batches?' howled the people. 'Hungry canaille,' asked Fouquier, 'is thy Bread cheaper, wanting them?'"

But this is only the truthful background that Hochwälder, in Miss Black's expert translation, has varied for the purposes of his single day's legend. I repeat: it is a fascination to watch the theatrical progress of the drama in the cage beneath the tricolor. Mr. Badel, an artist who knows how to use the stage, acts with great zest and acutely-judged flamboyance as the man presumed to be invulnerable. His cast is loyally helpful, though I doubt whether Barbara Chilcott is in period as the "Madonna of the rebellion." Patricia Jessel, on television, was more summoning: she reminded me at one point, I remember, of Thomas Lawrence's frightening sketch of Maria Siddons, Sarah's daughter.

There is another unexpected setting in "You Won't Always Be On Top"—odd title—at the Theatre Royal, Stratford, E. Here, with the stage used in far different fashion, is a quite preposterous night at the play. Why Theatre Workshop put it on, defeats me. We are at, of all places, a building site—most carefully and intricately realised—with a house in course of erection on the stage. The workmen go about their day's work, and that is all. As a document it has its interest, no doubt. Henry Chapman, who wrote it, is a former card steward of the National Federation of Building Trade Operatives. But if you do not want to spend an evening with a concrete-mixer, then this, perhaps, is hardly your play. It will keep a cherished position in my cabinet of curiosities.

So back, via Stratford-atte-Bowe, to France: this time to the world of Marcel Marceau (with his Compagnie de Mime) as we see it at the Cambridge Theatre. Marceau himself has the long face and sad eyes of the clown: an impression accentuated by his chalky make-up. He has an astonishing power of persuading us that we can see the unseen (the dog on the lead, those ice-cream cornets). His famous creation is Bip, a tragic little man to whom everything happens, and to see him as, say, he lurches down the corridor of an invisible train, is to know how a master can use the stage.

OUR CRITIC'S FIRST-NIGHT JOURNAL.

- "INBAL" (Drury Lane).—National Dance Theatre of Israel. (October 21.)
- "THE ALCHEMIST" (Birmingham Repertory).—Ben Jonson's comedy, with Albert Finney as Face. (October 22.)
- "SODOM AND GOMORRAH" (Bristol Old Vic).—A play by Jean Giraudoux. (October 22.)
- "SCHOOL FOR FATHERS" (Sadler's Wells).—Wolf-Ferrari's opera. (October 22.)
- "THE EGG" (Saville).—Nigel Patrick in Charles Frank's translation of the play by Felicien Marceau. (October 24.)

"THE BOLSHOI BALLET": A FILM TAKEN DURING THE COMPANY'S LONDON SEASON.



ONE OF THE SIX DIVERTISSEMENTS FORMING THE FIRST PART OF "THE BOLSHOI BALLET": "WALPURGISNACHT," FROM GOUNOD'S "FAUST"—A SCENE WITH RAISSA STRUCHKOVA.



PROVIDING A STIRRING OPENING TO THE FILM: "THE DANCE OF THE TARTARS"—AN ESSENTIALLY RUSSIAN PIECE FROM THE STIRRING BALLET "THE FOUNTAIN OF BAKHCHISARAI."



FILMED ON THE STAGE OF COVENT GARDEN: A SCENE FROM ACT II OF "GISELLE," WHICH FORMS THE SECOND PART OF "THE BOLSHOI BALLET" FILM, DIRECTED BY PAUL CZINNER.



THE BOLSHOI BALLET'S PRIMA BALLERINA ASSOLUTA ON THE SCREEN: GALINA ULANOVA AS GISSELLE, WITH NIKOLAI FADEYEACHEV AS COUNT ALBERT IN ACT II OF "GISELLE."



COMBINING MAGNIFICENT COSTUMES, STRIKING VITALITY AND ENJOYABLE HUMOUR: A SCENE FROM "POLONAISE AND CRACOVIEENNE" FROM GLINKA'S OPERA "A LIFE FOR THE CZAR."

Some of the most exciting moments of the Bolshoi Ballet Company's extremely successful London season of twelve months ago have been convincingly filmed in "The Bolshoi Ballet," which is now showing at the Gaumont Cinema, Haymarket. The film, released through Rank Film Distributors Ltd., was directed by Paul Czinner in "his special method and technique." It was filmed in only two nights on the stage of the Royal Opera House, Covent



RETAINING ITS DRAMATIC IMPACT ON THE SCREEN: AN EXCITING MOMENT IN THE "DANCE OF THE TARTARS" FROM "THE FOUNTAIN OF BAKHCHISARAI."

Garden, and at the Davis Theatre, Croydon. "The Bolshoi Ballet" is divided into two parts. The first consists of six *divertissements*, which include "Spanish Dance" from Tchaikovsky's "Le Lac des Cygnes," the extremely exciting "Spring Water" by Rachmaninoff, and Ulanova in "The Dying Swan," as well as the three pieces illustrated here. The second part is devoted to the Company's wonderful performance of "Giselle," with Ulanova in the title rôle.

NOTES FOR THE NOVEL-READER.

THE CHOICE OF THE WEEK.

Rhapsody or threnody, a valley of Eden or a valley of desolation—which should come first? Instinct says to begin with the dark place, the haunt of twilight, and get it over. So I will do that. "Orchard of the Furies," by L. Steni (Heinemann; 15s.), is, literally, Herr Huber's orchard, in the French zone of Germany. But "Huber, Franz, Advocate"—to quote the forlorn house list on the porch—has gone for good; his apples are pulping on the ground; his walks are desecrated by a Franco-British Relief Team; his envenomed wife peers out of the attic, "like a cuckoo in the clock hatch"; and underneath, a ghost slips through the tangle of quince bushes. A romantic ghost: the young, careless, alluring Tadeusz Vanek, who was once a medical student, and one day materialised among the D.P.s. Drifting out of the bushes, he makes an odd impression, "as though he were looking for something irretrievably lost". . .

But so is everyone in this valley: unless they have given up, like the man who came stumbling across Europe in the dark, from nowhere to nowhere, or the Jewish professor who has survived his kind, and is awaiting the consummation of his own murder. The war has stopped, but in the orchard of the furies there is no victory. All are "displaced": the ex-Herrenvolk, the Poles, even the relief team. The French and English can't breathe; the Poles are between the devil of homelessness and the deep sea of repatriation. Meanwhile there is a blight on all human contacts, even those of Poldoski and the District Commandant's wife. They love each other; but she will never go back, while he will never cease hankering to go back. Still, they are on a higher plane than Lancret, the depressed sugar-daddy, or his German alley-cat, slinking around after Tadeusz. Every woman sighs for Tadeusz; Dr. Smallwood, who is using him as an assistant, like all the rest, though she won't allow herself to be silly. And the men have doubts of him. With Poldoski these are intuitive; but the blind man heard his voice somewhere, a year ago, sounding very frightened, and speaking German. Soon it appears that they have guessed right. Tadeusz is the curse on the orchard, the spectral past; and when the furies close with him, the story is finished.

As action, it never amounts to a great deal; but as a vision of limbo, it has a grey, memorable beauty.

OTHER FICTION.

"September Moon," by John Moore (Collins; 15s.), carries us to a morning world—a translucent hop-jungle in Herefordshire—where life is too radiant and bustling to be true. From September the first, when a slip of a new moon rises on Sollarshill and the hop-pickers arrive—the heavy Midlanders, the two gipsy tribes, and the neat bevy of Welsh girls "that sings so pretty"—we are head over ears in a flamingo-coloured bucolic fairytale. Nothing can go wrong, though for the sake of action everything must go wrong: especially between the drunken, lovable Tommy Tomkins, the neglector of fences and inventor of Heath Robinson machines, and his overpowering neighbour John Sollars, who does everything right, and whose forebears have done it right for centuries. But there is trouble for John Sollars as well. His pickers walk out; his vines are threatened with downy mildew; his boy Tim switches from gipsy Sue to fly-by-night Marianne Tomkins. Meanwhile, the gipsies brawl; the pretty Welsh girls marry and give birth; and at the full moon, the comprehensively perfect ending lasts a whole day. Every bit of space is crammed, and every detail is ebullient and rosy.

"I, Jacqueline," by Hilda Lewis (Jarrold; 15s.), is an historical novel with a strain of elegy. Jacqueline, Child of Holland, tells her own story: the story of an impulsive girl, widowed and a sovereign at sixteen, struggling with Dutch faction and Burgundian encroachment and losing ground all the time. Jacqueline was very brave and tenacious; but she was not wise, and she had no luck. It was shocking luck to get the feeble, vicious little John of Brabant as her second husband. Finally she ran away from him—and married Henry V's brother, the Good Duke Humphrey pending an annulment. The annulment was refused. Humphrey cast her off; and the Good Duke Philip of Burgundy stripped her of her possessions. After that she might have been happy, which is the saddest part. The author was already deep in this period, and her re-creation is both solid and touching.

"The Soft Talkers," by Margaret Millar (Gollancz; 12s. 6d.), has a Canadian background. Ron Galloway is just off to the lodge to "do some fishing with a couple of the fellows"—a dreary little clique, given to playing at sportiness and jollification. Ron is the host, and the one who tries hardest with least enjoyment. But to-night he fails to show up. His chums rapidly grow uneasy, and begin telephoning. Which at once evokes some new light—especially on the ménage of Ron's best friend, Harry Bream, an amiable, enthusiastic little pill-seller, and his little woman. . . . The whole set-up, dialogue, incidental characters and all, is first-class.

K. JOHN.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

FROM AFRICA TO ARCTIC ALASKA: NEW BOOKS OF TRAVEL.

THIS is the time of the year when, holidays done, travel books proliferate to help us through the winter and encourage us to lay our plans for next year.

Mr. H. V. Morton, the author of "A Traveller in Rome" (Methuen; 25s.), is less a deservedly popular writer of travel books than an institution. His "A Stranger in Spain" was rightly a best-seller, and his earlier books, in the what one might call, "In Search Of" series, were of a uniformly high standard. To write no fewer than eight books on London, and always to find something fresh and interesting to say, is in itself a feat. Mr. Morton's secret lies, I think, in his invincible curiosity which, coupled with his observant eye for the unusual and beautiful, makes his writings so immensely agreeable. Rome for me, ever since I first saw it at the age of seventeen, has always been my first choice among the world's great cities.

That wonderful blending of the ancient, the mediaeval, the renaissance and the modern is achieved by no other capital city in the world. Mr. Morton, who rightly pursues his researches on foot (which is the only way of getting to know a city thoroughly), spent a summer examining the city. The result is this excellent and compendious volume. He gives, in easily assimilated form, the history of Rome interlarded with modern anecdotes and those incidents which take place in the wings of history, which are often as illuminating as the great events on the stage itself. For the curious there is information as to how to wear a toga, what you would have to pay for your hat if you became a Cardinal, and he reconstructs for us the last days of Imperial Rome and the last hours of Julius Caesar. He must surely be one of the very few outside the Papal entourage who has seen the papal bull: "an immense, low-slung black and white animal named Christy, the gift of an American to the Holy Father." He is the pride of the papal farm at Castel Gandolfo.

Mr. Morton's description of the public audience given at Castel Gandolfo, particularly the Pope's little talk to the children, was, indeed, as he says, what the Spaniards call "emocionante."

A book of great erudition lightly worn and of a charm which is all-persuasive.

Miss Honor Tracy is, to my mind, one of the most delightfully funny authors now writing. Her book on Ireland "Mind You, I've Said Nothing!" is a delight to be read and re-read and appreciated the more at each re-reading. Although she is bitterly sardonic about the Celtic legend, I feel sure that it is the notorious sympathy between the Irish and the Spaniards which has enabled her to bring off a double in her "Silk Hats and no Breakfast" (Methuen; 15s.). Miss Tracy set off to explore part of that vast area of Spain which lies off the beaten track. In this she was able to have the advice of Mr. Gerald Brenan, whose knowledge of Spain is great. Her sympathetic eye takes in all that is humorous, all that is bizarre, all that is moving in the Spain which lies off the track now so firmly beaten by the 2,000,000-odd tourists who make their annual invasion. She travelled from the extreme south to the extreme north-west, observing, incidentally, that phenomenon of Spanish rural poverty which so many writers put down to the ownership of vast estates in sun-scorched Andalusia which is, nevertheless, repeated among the peasants of the fertile, rain-drenched north-west, most of whom own their own holdings.

I was entranced with her description of her visit to the great Gonzalez, Byass bodegas in Jerez. Like those who have gone before her, she was the recipient of the wonderful hospitality of the great sherry shippers. "The walk home was a curious affair. Although the sun beat down as fiercely as ever the sky was strangely overcast and threatening, and I called out to a peasant riding by on a mule that it looked like thundery weather. He replied oddly, with a loud laugh, by asking if I had enjoyed the bodegas. Yes; but what had that to do with it? 'You have your sunglasses on,' he explained and, still guffawing, rode away." Miss Tracy, as I say, is greatly to be congratulated on her Irish-Spanish double.

In 1937 I travelled right through Libya from the Egyptian to the Tunisian frontier and, indeed, at the outbreak of war was one of the few Britons to have made this journey. In "East From Tunis" (Chatto and Windus; 21s.) Mr. Richard Carrington has made the same journey, though in the reverse direction and some twelve years after the war. I read his book, therefore, with particular interest.

Mr. Carrington pretends to no graces of style such as those which make the books of Mr. Morton and Miss Tracy so agreeable, but his story is told straightforwardly and with one eye on a happy outlook for the unusual.

To round off this collection of travel books I recommend "Dawn in Arctic Alaska," by Dr. Diamond Jenness (Minnesota University Press; London: Oxford University Press; 38s.). Dr. Jenness is a noted Canadian anthropologist and an authority on the Eskimo. Mr. Giacomo Raimondi has embellished this interesting story of these Stone Age people with some most attractive charcoal drawings.

E. D. O'BRIEN.

CHESS NOTES.

By BARUCH H. WOOD, M.Sc.

FOURTEEN-YEAR-OLD Bobby Fischer, of Brooklyn, is the nearest thing to a child prodigy Western chess has produced since Paul Morphy. He has won the American Open Championship, and his appearance at Hastings this coming Christmas is certain to earn wide publicity.

Samuel Reshevsky, himself a boy prodigy at the age of six and now a serious pretendant to the World Championship title, wandered into New York's Manhattan Chess Club recently and offered to play their ten best players—in succession, let it be stressed—at "lightning chess" (ten seconds per move), Reshevsky to play *blindfold*.

He won six, lost four of the ten games. Here is the score of his game with Bobby Fischer; it is difficult to say, in the circumstances, whether it reflects more glory on the winner or the loser. We comment only lightly, as deep examination of the play would be unworthy:

KING'S INDIAN DEFENCE.

RESHEVSKY	FISCHER	RESHEVSKY	FISCHER
White	Black	White	Black
1. P-QB4	Kt-KB3	6. B-K2	P-B3
2. Kt-QB3	P-KKt3	7. Castles	P-QR3
3. Kt-B3	B-Kt2	8. R-K1	P-QKt4
4. P-Q4	Castles	9. P-QKt3	P-Kt5
5. P-K4	P-Q3	10. P-KS	

Any move by the attacked knight would lose the KP. Now, however, Black wins a pawn just the same; White might have thought he could easily pick up the pawn which arrives at his QB3 but it proves unexpectedly troublesome.

10. . . .	P×P	14. QR×Q	R-K1
11. P×P	P×Kt	15. B-Q3	Kt-Q2
12. P×Kt	B×P	16. B-K4	Kt-B4
13. B-R6	Q×Q		

Black is willing to return the pawn, and sacrifice R for B in addition, to gain a dominating position with prospects of a telling advance of the pawn on his QB6.

17. B×BP	B-B4	18. P-KKt4	
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A rather "rattled" move which achieves nothing.

18. . . .	B×P	21. Kt-Q4	Kt-Q6
19. K-Kt2	B-B4	22. Kt×B	
20. B×QR	R×B		

What else? 22. R-K3, B×Kt would be worse.

22. . . .	Kt×Rch	24. R-Q1	P-K4
23. R×Kt	P×Kt	25. P-B5	

25. B-B1 seems wiser. Now the bishop is cut off.

25. . . .	R-QB1	28. K-K4	R-B3
26. P-Kt4	P-B5	29. R-KKt1ch	R-KKt3
27. K-B3	B-K2	30. R×Rch	

Cut and thrust. To save his bishop, White has to exchange rooks. But his bishop remains cut off and, though Black's passed pawn can be picked up, the operation costs valuable time.

30. . . .	BP×R	32. K×P	P-Kt4
31. K-Q3	K-B2	33. P-B6	K-K3

Not 33. . . . K-Kt3? 34. P-B7 or 33. . . . B-Qr?

34. B×P.			
34. K-B4	K-Q3	37. K-B4	B-B3
35. P-Kt5	P×Pch	38. P-KR4	P-B6
36. K×P	P-K5	39. P×P	P-K6!

For if 40. P×B, then 40. . . . P×P and Black's pawn queens giving check.

40. B-B8ch	B-K2	42. P-B7	K-Q2
41. B×Bch	K×B	White resigns	



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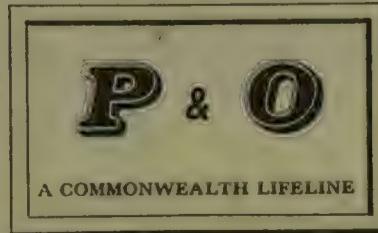
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PIECES FOR COLLECTORS

THERE were some head-shakings before the autumn sales season began in October, for there has long been a theory that the market for works of art is particularly sensitive to whatever happens on the Stock Exchange. So far, if one may draw conclusions from the events of the past week or two, the art trade seems to be wholly unaffected by the general decline in values in the City : not only have things of considerable aesthetic interest changed hands for very large prices—a little boudoir table by Roussel for £1900, for example, and a notable miniature by John Smart for 900 guineas—but some very ordinary pieces indeed have surprised everyone by fetching 250 gns. instead of the 25 expected of them. But then, there is invariably an element of luck about auctions, and it may be that the experience of only a few sales is insufficient. What seems clear enough is that buyers come to London from all over Europe as eagerly as ever and that auctioneers and, in due course, dealers, by what seems a perpetual miracle, continue to offer some extremely handsome things.

One has heard so much and for so long of the paralysing scarcity of worthwhile goods that one almost expects the whole elaborate system to come to a full-stop. Then catalogues bump in through the letterbox and you find that the sales programme up till Christmas is as full as ever and is composed of the usual surprising quota of more than ordinary offerings, the most extraordinary of which so far is surely the forty-one sheets of drawings by

Fra Bartolommeo (d. 1517) which Sotheby's are selling on November 20. How amazing it is that a whole group of drawings, amongst the earliest known pure landscape drawings in European art, should have remained unrecognised until a few months ago, when the owner, who bought them in Southern Ireland in 1925, walked into the British Museum to have them identified !

Christie's begin November with a sale of modern pictures, among them Sickert's painting of St. Mark's, Venice, belonging to the late Sir Walter Fletcher ; a flower piece by Sir Matthew Smith, a nice Utrillo, a beautiful little Bonnard and an early Monet of the cliffs at Etretat. There are also in the same sale two paintings by Krieghoff, that romantic recorder of the Canadian scene in the mid-nineteenth century whose unpretentious interpretations of pioneer life were so frequently bought as souvenirs by Englishmen stationed in Canada on official duty. These two have been sent up for sale by Mrs. G. A. Wathen, whose father, Mr. C. L. Buxton, bought them in 1869 from Krieghoff himself. Christie's also announce an interesting sale for the 12th—a varied collection of arms and armour, Renaissance jewels and other works of art. A pair of small Japanese Arita ware beakers were provided with silver mounts in Paris about 1730 : a gold pendant, early seventeenth-century Italian, enriched with pearls and rubies and an agate cameo bust of a Negress contains on the reverse a locket in which are two miniature portraits by Isaac Oliver.

[Continued on page 720]



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PIECES FOR COLLECTORS

Continued from page 718]

The Oriental Ceramic Society, a benevolent organisation marvellously compounded of erudition, commonsense and enthusiasm, is presenting its exhibition at the Arts Council Gallery in St. James's Square which, by all accounts, will rival in quality, though not, of course, in range or size, the memorable exhibition of Chinese Art held twenty-two years ago at Burlington House, when Europe was able to see for the first time some of the Imperial treasures from Peking. The subject of the show, which opens in the middle of October, is porcelain, Dynastic and it will include, despite the name of the Society, not only ceramics but the choicest examples from the other arts from paintings to lacquer. It is something which no one who has ever taken the slightest interest in Chinese art can afford to miss, and should keep people talking animatedly for a long time—at least, until the Winter Exhibition at Burlington House opens in January. The will also be paintings which are on the whole, not over-familiar in these islands—the dignified and highly competent school which flourished under Louis XIV. It is being organised by the French Government, and, in addition to a splendid array of portraits, may, one hopes, include a few notable tapestries.

The character and career of Napoleon has fascinated mankind for rather more than a century-and-a-half and has inspired innumerable books, some of which are very nearly unreadable in either French or English. One is liable to take the whole dramatic story very much for granted, until one is suddenly confronted by the Sotheby catalogue, which gives details of the sale of

the ninth part of the De Coppel collection of historical documents, comprising the fourth section (1813-1821) which deals with Napoleon's correspondence to others by Napoleon himself, there are reports from his staff and from other personalities, many of which have a bearing upon the last years at St. Helena, and fifty-two morocco portfolios containing letters and documents received by Lord Stuart de Rothesay when he was our envoy to Portugal from 1810-1814. In short, history not as seen in quiet libraries, but as it was lived on the spot by the participants, with all the means of guesswork and anxiety. This sale is fixed for October 28 and 29, while another, mainly of books, advertised for November 4, includes a remarkable series of papers sent in for sale by Sir David Eccles—the Ker Porter papers. In 1825 Sir Robert Ker Porter was appointed first British Consul in Campeche and remained there fifteen years. His letters and journals have never been published nor used by any historian of Venezuela. They were seen at auction as long ago as 1852, when they were bought by that omnivorous collector, Sir Thomas Phillips.

News of a remarkable dispersal comes from New York where the collection of banker and late Georges Lancy, is to be sold at the Parke-Bernet Galleries on November 7, 8 and 9. The furniture is fine, the paintings surpassing—all of the French nineteenth and twentieth centuries. This is by general consent the most distinguished modern French collection to be offered for sale in the United States—to be compared only with the Cognac collection sold in Paris some five years ago.

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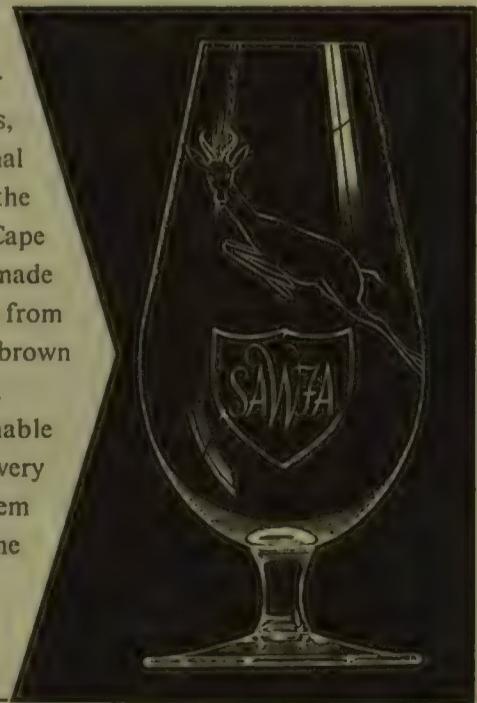
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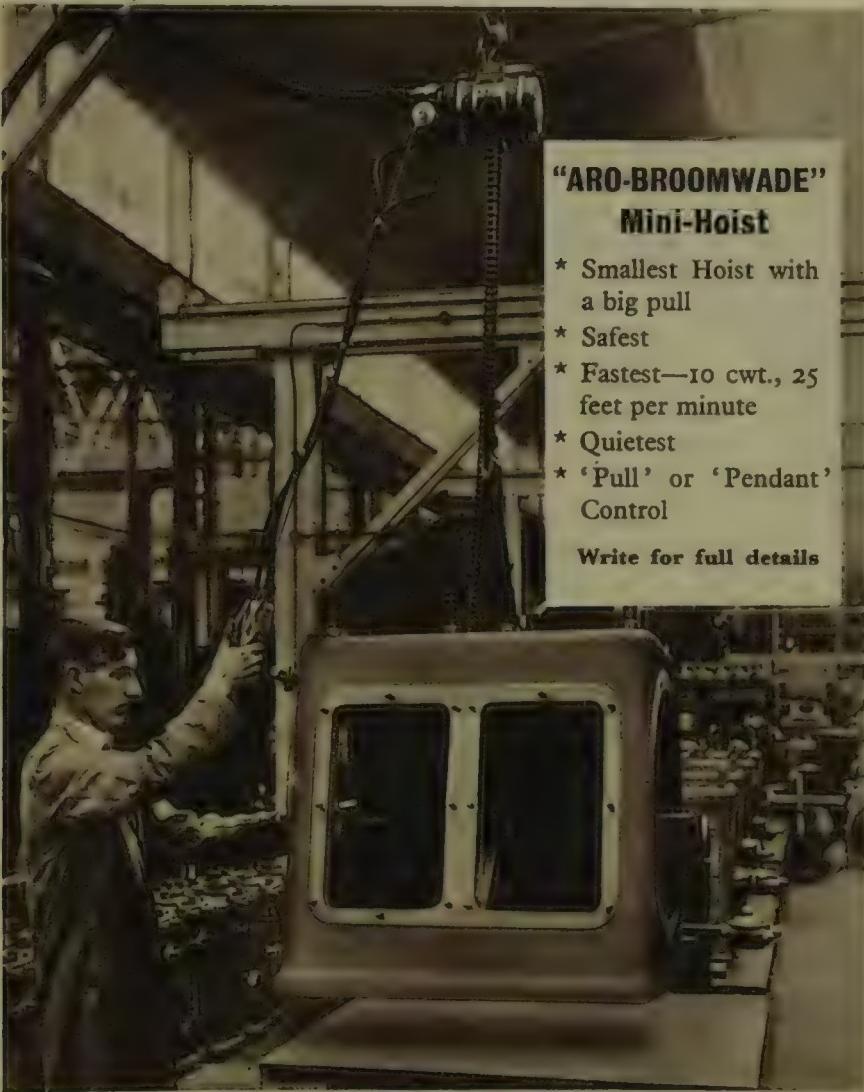
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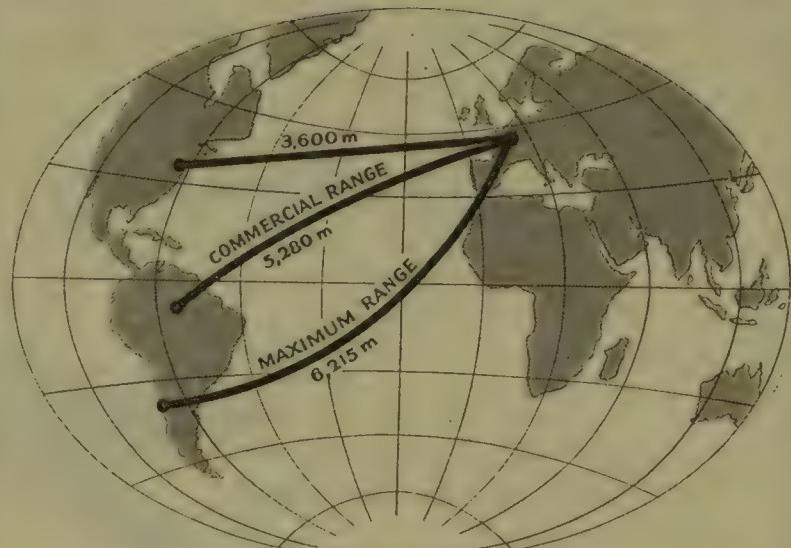
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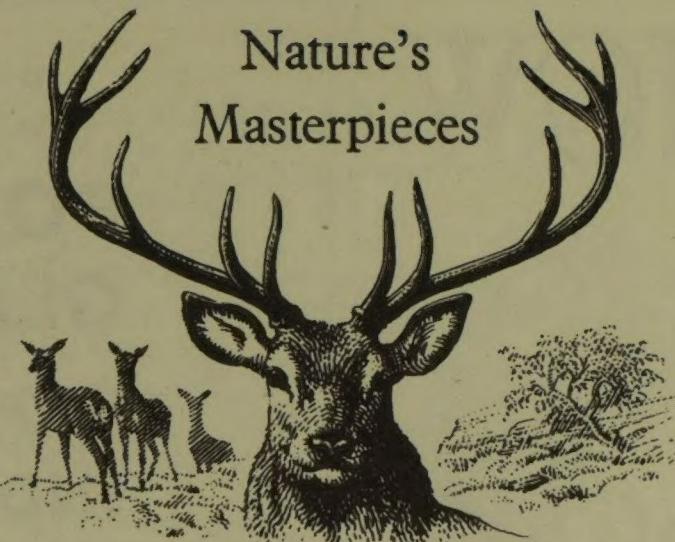
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